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AND

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CAMBRIDGE.—No. III.

[As it is important to the completion of our Cambridge Sketches that we should offer a view of the social life of the University, we willingly give insertion to the following letter. Our readers will see, without our apprising them of the fact, that the picture is painted *couleur de rose*, and that it is no fair likeness of the general spirit and pursuits of the University. It will serve, however, as a useful set-off against the descriptions of mere dissipation and vulgarity which are to be found in novels and other popular books that profess to treat of Cambridge; and it will convince those of our readers who have been misled by them, that there does exist, even among the undergraduates, a class not wholly given to hunting, drinking, or mathematics.] ED.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Sir,—In Nos. 58 and 60 of your work, you have published two papers on the University of Cambridge. These articles are, I dare say, very interesting to the persons for whom they seem to have been intended,—metaphysicians, divines, and schoolmasters, of whom there are, probably, not above a few scores among your readers. They seem to have been written by some ancient, crabbed, and 'book-minded' critic, thinking a great deal about Greek, logic, mathematics, and chapel-services, and not considering at all what topics would be most likely to win the attention of the public in general. The writer appears to consider Cambridge as a collection only of stone-walls and statutes, and says absolutely nothing of the body of students who form all the real life and importance of the University. Filling his mind for thirty or forty years, in some dim cellar or garret, with pedantry, cobwebs, and library dust, he seems completely to have forgotten the human companions of his youth; if, indeed, he be not, as I rather suspect, an ancient college memel, inditer of declamations, and copyist of impositions,—such a one as he to whom I yesterday paid four shillings and sixpence for writing, in a villainous hand, one hundred lines of Virgil's 'Æneid,' b. iv., beginning 'Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus, eandem,' &c. If he be your correspondent, Mr. Editor, employ him not again. He is a dirty fellow, and over-fond of ale.

I, Sir, who am now a junior Soph at Christ's, am persuaded that I can treat of Cambridge matters infinitely more agreeable to the world than those discussed by your hoary and ungentelemanly contributor. I will tell of the members of the University, not its laws; of 'chartered libertines,' not chartered institutions. And in my article, fathers shall read of their sons, tradesmen of their debtors, bishops of their candidates for ordination, attorneys of incipient barristers, old ladies of their heirs, and young ones of their lovers.* I will, in the words of a well-known member of my college, 'Let Euclid, rest and Archimedes pause,' and speak of those for whom the whole system criticised by your correspondent is designed, and not of the system itself. Not that I thereby in the least resign my right of contesting the ground assumed by him, and of showing that the present course of study is, at least, sufficiently troublesome.

* The writer is under an error in supposing that there are any young ladies in England foolish enough to interest themselves about those especial and very dull coxcombs, the members of the Universities. But Cambridge men are proverbially more conceited, and with less reason, than any others of earth's puppies or pedants.—*Scriblerus.*

But as I think, on further consideration, that the mode of composition the least professorial or essay-like, in short, the farthest from that of your contributor, will be the most agreeable, I shall simply furnish you with an account of one day, such as I commonly experience, and such as is usual among the more civilized, judicious, and prominent members of the University. Having attended or avoided chapel, as the case may be, more frequently the latter, an hour is spent in a lecture-room, where the occupation of the more intellectual students is the drawing caricatures or the inditing epigrams. Breakfast follows; and this is an important business, not only as concerns the palate, digestion, and so forth, but as indicating the character of the whole man. There are who addit themselves to assemblages of a dozen or a score hungry and loud-throated guests, who devote an hour and a half to mere eating, and spend the rest of the day in looking out of the window or playing billiards. I seldom breakfast alone, but never with more than five associates, and those of the choicest for wit, accomplishments, and temper, persons who will detect the strength of a syllogism, though it appear in the festal garb of an illustration, and with whom controversy is just exciting enough to promote digestion, without exhausting the energies which are to carry us through the day. Then, for I feel that I am at a University, and scorn to employ the whole morning in boating or lounging, I become a solitary Greek (Æschylus or Demosthenes) delights me, or I sport with the Arabian maids, the genii of algebra; or I read hour after hour the deep-toned page of Tacitus, and fancy that I am folding round me the white mantle with the purple hem, and calling upon the gods and heroes of old Rome to defend against luxury and despotism the citadel of war, and law, and empire.

If the weather permit, arm-in-arm with one friend, (and no more,) I sally forth into the humid plains of Cambridgeshire. The companion whom I delight to honour, —, but his name is no matter, knows as much of metaphysics and logic as your friend, who prates of Cambridge, could require. He would puzzle Duns Scotus in five minutes, and bring Aquinas into a contradiction. He anatomises Locke with the boldest and the nicest scalpel. But these are not, in my eyes, his chief merits. He has indeed a subtlety of intellect, which might suffice to break down a universe into discordant atoms; but his plastic imagination and harmonizing affections secure the order and unity of his thoughts; and with a system ten-thousand times larger and stronger and more compact than those of the system-mongers, he is so thoroughly and delightfully an individual, you care so little for his opinions except as developments of himself and his own gentle and mighty heart, that paradoxes which he never utters but with a smile of conscious extravagance, could not possibly irritate the fiercest disputants, even if they were enforced with all the earnestness which accompanies in him every serious expression of belief. Without, as far as I know him, (and I have known him long and intimately,) having ever done an action, uttered a word, or entertained a thought, which was any thing but amiable, generous, and honest, he is the most nervous and shame-faced of human beings; and with greater power of ideas, conceptions, and words, than any young man I have seen, he hesitates and stammers to express himself; on these accounts, how much more precious

to his friends than to his mere acquaintances! However, I need not speak in detail of his qualities; mankind and futurity will hear of them. With him, according to the little diurnal plan I am describing, how often, beneath a dull grey sky and along a bare high-road, how often have I pursued, delightedly, a way which in his society scarcely seemed familiar or monotonous! There is a church-yard for instance, some three or four miles from Cambridge, whither we have sometimes walked together, and which, once or twice, has won even me into seriousness. I confess I can seldom see the world, or even a bit of it, without feeling inclined to laugh, but M.—church-yard has nothing to do with the world, any more than the bones beneath its sod with the bustle of the actual human race. The grey and humble church on one side, and a grove of dark-leaved trees on the three others of the little cemetery, exclude every ray of light that does not drop upon it from the sky.

But my moralizations are not so profound as to merit being recorded; rather let me commemorate my return to college, and appearance in the hall at four o'clock. The dinner is not remarkably good, but is devoured as earnestly as if it were the master-piece of the *Rocher de Connale*. And now, Sir, comes one of those solemnities which are nearly peculiar to the Universities, namely, a wine-party. This is a collection of acquaintances for the purpose indicated by the name, and, of course, cannot anywhere be usual, save in situations which require public dinners, and exclude public deserts. But, Mr. Editor, these parties are not merely distinguished from others by the fact, that the fruit and decanters are disposed of in a different apartment from the mutton and turnips, but they are occasions for a display of knowledge, fancy, humour, eloquence, friendliness, and every other estimable and delightful quality, such as the whole universe cannot afford, were it searched from Paris to Paramatta. Let me consider:—I received yesterday, at my rooms, Morton, the pleasant philosopher I have before mentioned; Williams, a blooming cynic, who, when he can be persuaded to talk, is in a splendid frenzy about political abuses; Bolton, the ugliest, most amusing, and most gentlemanly of scoffers; Wallace, with the eye of an eagle and the gentleness of a dove; and lastly, O! that I could bid come forth before your readers Trevor the very prince of imaginative dreaming, who lives in an airy world, and is kind and romantic among his earthly friends as any beneficent genie of fable. Now, suppose this combination of the most admirable dispositions and faculties (I say nothing of myself, except to solicit attention to the proverb *noscitur a sociis*) round a table embroidered with dishes of oranges, lemon-chips, grapes, French plums, olives, &c., and crowned by sparkling bottles of wine, and need I say more? Politics, poetry, society, the world, and the university, all and each debated by the prime spirits out of two thousand young men, and—made the occasion for an unrivalled display of wit and wisdom! Aristophanes, Shelley, Coleridge, Grammont, Pasta, and Ude, all canvassed, lauded, and illustrated with an exquisite and generous acuteness; and due punishment inflicted, by a few passing touches, on Daniel O'Connell, Lord Whitchelsea, Jeremy Bentham, and the Vice-Chancellor!*

* Of the University, I apprehend; not of this kingdom.

Such are the amusements, and such the triumphs, dear to the elect among the Cambridge students!

In the evening, I, and the less noisy and vacant of my contemporaries, generally occupy ourselves in private. But when this is not the case, I sometimes betake myself to a large room at an inn, which is the arena for the debates of a large society.

The meetings are held weekly. Suppose this to be Tuesday, the —th day of —, and behold the 'Union' in all its glory. A long, low room, with three or four rows of benches down the sides, and the President's chair at one end, exhibits a muster of perhaps two hundred members. Tables with candles stand in the centre, and the orators are generally congregated near them. After some minutes spent in private business, the President announces, that 'the question for this evening's discussion is,—Ought the claims of the Roman Catholics to have been granted previous to the year 1808? The opener is at liberty to begin. (Order, order!) My friend Williams rises, with his eyes upon the ground, and his hands upon the balloting-box. (Hear, hear, hear!)—Mr. President, I should not have proposed this question to the society, had I thought that it was commonly discussed elsewhere on the proper grounds. This question is, in fact, a contest between the people and the aristocratic monopolies, which scarcely even pretend to represent the people,' &c. &c., and so on for half an hour. Then rose Mr. Billingsgate, a soft-voiced young gentleman of large fortune, and a fellow-commoner; yet, though a fool, a favourite with the society. 'I protest, Sir, against the use of such expressions as those which have been expressed by the honourable gentleman. They are decidedly unconstitutional; I say, Sir, they are decidedly unconstitutional. I maintain, Sir, that the House of Commons does fully and fairly represent the people. By the people, I do not mean the rabble, but persons of birth, influence, fashion, and fortune. The glorious constitution, Sir, is composed of three powers, all exactly equal to each other, and yet no two of them superior to the third. I consider that the speech of the honourable gentleman was decidedly unconstitutional, and in favour of the bloody papists, and ought to have been interrupted from the chair.' (Hear, hear, hear, and loud laughter.) Then am I seen to rise, or some other moderate, well-informed, and eloquent member, and the assembly is stilled into silent expectation. The discussion is restored to its proper path, the opposing arguments are admirably balanced, and the whole question is settled in one rolling accumulated peroration.

An evening of this kind seldom terminates without a supper party, which, indeed, in ordinary circumstances, is no very rare occurrence at Cambridge, and which is sometimes the dullest and sometimes the pleasantest kind of entertainment I have ever experienced. Jokes, songs, and milk-punch are the great elements in these festivities. But I confess, with shame, that to me they have far less charm than an evening spent alone. The silent hours, the blazing fire, the crowded book-shelves, the two or three engravings that adorn my antique walls, the feeling of remoteness from the busy paths of human interests, from the spots which the habitual sympathies of previous life made holy,—all are favourable to meditation; and my narrow and humble cell has often become the theatre for a thousand delightful and splendid fancies. I have sat beside the fire for hours with the tea-kettle humming beside me on the 'hob,' and seen pass along the pale grey wall a glittering array of the wise, the powerful, the lovely, culled from every volume of the world's history,—patriarchs and princesses, Greecian generals, and Persian captives; the knights of the middle ages, and the ladies worshipped by the troubadours; and the broad uncertain wavering glare of my hearth has moulded and collected itself against the dark curtain of my window into shapes of beauty, all feminine, yet scarcely

mortal, surrounded by symbols of wonderous enchantment, and in which the dark glories of Asiatic eyes sparkle through vague halos of splendour like those of the northern lights. These, wild as they are, these are the visions which I have enjoyed even at Cambridge. Speak who will of lectures, and statutes, and articles, and proctors, these are enjoyments which systems cannot give, nor institutions take away.

Christ's College, Cambridge.

E. B.

TWELVE YEARS' MILITARY ADVENTURE.

Twelve Years' Military Adventure in Three Quarters of the Globe; or, Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of his Majesty and of the East India Company, between the years 1802 and 1814, in which are contained the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in India, and his last in Spain and the South of France. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

Or all that is most interesting to a philosophical inquirer in the circumstances of India and its inhabitants, we know exceedingly little. The structure of its society, in spite of the light that has been thrown upon it by some very recent writers, is still a great mystery; the degree to which elements of national feeling exist among the heterogeneous tribes which make up its inhabitants, and the chance of these elements ever working themselves into a real national existence, few seem able to determine; the question, whether we are co-operating in the amelioration of its condition, and by what means we could co-operate in it, is still litigated, with little hope of an adjustment, between a host of disputants, most of whom appear to possess a very slight knowledge of the premises that must be settled before it can be satisfactorily solved. But though we have scarcely penetrated at all below the surface in these investigations—that surface has been explored with marvellous industry and great success—there is no country in the world of which we have so many vivid and brilliant pictures—none of which the scenery has been more visibly brought before our eyes and our fancy, whose endless varieties of costume and manners have been so minutely and gracefully sketched. We should be almost glad, if it were possible, that the subject might be exhausted, because there would be some additional hope of wise men going resolutely down into those deeper mines from which they hitherto have been seduced by the glittering ore that lay scattered on the upper earth,—but of this there are no hopes; new labourers are daily coming into the field, and we are so pleased with the treasures they exhibit to us, even though, as is generally the case, they are only old gems newly set, that we have not the heart to tell them that we wish they would go their ways and leave the ground to their betters.

'The Twelve Years' Military Adventure,' as was to be expected, does not reveal many peculiarities of India with which we were previously unacquainted, but it mixes up the old descriptions and familiar objects (and these, old as they are, are given with great spirit and freshness) with personal anecdotes, often very entertaining, and which throw an air of originality over the book, that no mere description can possess. The author having, as he informs us, been devoted, as the greatest dunce of his family, to the infernal gods, i. e. a military life, (an assertion which is either highly complimentary to his brethren, or else proves him to have profited greatly by his subsequent advantages, as his mode of writing is that of a clever and well-educated officer,) obtained a cadetship for the artillery in the engineers in the Company's service; and after spending a reasonable time at Woolwich, set out for his destination. Of course, the first part of the volume is common-place. To say any thing original respecting the voyage,—the cuddy-table,—the arrival at Madras,—the Indian woman market, &c., &c., would require genius of a

high order. Neither are the descriptions of the Anglo-Indian camps,—the tanks,—the hill-forts very modern: we, therefore, prefer taking some of the anecdotes, which, though we will not warrant them all to be spick-and-span, are at least new to us.

'An officer, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during the campaign—whether by wear and tear or accident I cannot say—had a few friends to dinner with him. The dinner being announced to the party, seated in the *al fresco* drawing-room of a camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master, who perhaps gave himself but little trouble about these matters, or who probably relied upon his servant's capacity in the art of borrowing, or, at all events, on his ingenuity in framing an excuse, inquired, with an angry voice, why there was no table-cloth? The answer was "Master not got," with which reply, after apologising to his guests, he was compelled, for the present, to put up. The next morning he called his servant, and rated him soundly, and perhaps beat him, (for I lament to say that this was too much the practice with European masters in India,) for exposing his poverty to the company; desiring him, another time, if similarly circumstanced, to say that all the table-cloths were gone to the wash. Another day, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazaar, perhaps to provide the very articles of which the feast was composed, were absent, whether with or without leave is immaterial. "Where are all the spoons?" cried the apparently enraged master. "Gone washerman, sir!" was the answer. Roars of laughter succeeded, and a tea-cup did duty for the soap-dish. The probable consequence of this unlucky exposure of the domestic economy of the host, namely, a sound drubbing to the poor maty-boy, brings to my mind an anecdote, which, being in a story-telling vein, I cannot resist the temptation of introducing. It was related to me, with great humour, by one of the principals in the transaction, whose candour exceeded his fear of shame. He had been in the habit of beating his servants, till one in particular complained that he would have him before Sir Henry Gwilliam, then chief justice at Madras, who had done all in his power to suppress the disgraceful practice. Having a considerable balance to settle with his maty-boy on the score of punishment, but fearing the presence of witnesses, the master called him one day into bungalow at the bottom of his garden, at some distance from his house. "Now," said he, as he shut the door and put the key in his pocket, "you'll complain to Sir Henry Gwilliam, will you? There is no body near to bear witness to what you may say, and, with the blessing of God, I'll give it you well."—"Master, sure nobody near?" asked the Indian.—"Yes, yes, I've taken good care of that."—"Then I give master one good beating." And forthwith the maty-boy proceeded to put his threat into execution, till the master, being the weaker of the two, was compelled to cry mercy; which being at length granted, and the door opened with at least as much alacrity as it was closed, Matoo decamped without beat of drum, never to appear again.

'This circumstance reminds me also of a story which was told of Captain Grose of the Madras army, who was killed at the siege of Seringapatam. He was son of Grose the antiquary, whose talents he inherited. He was remarkable for his wit and humour, and his memory is still cherished by all the lovers of fun who knew him. Having had occasion to make some communication to head-quarters, he was received much in the usual manner by one of the understrappers, who told him that no verbal communications could be received, but that what he had to say must be sent through the medium of an official letter. He happened, some days afterwards, to have a party dining with him, and among others were a few members of the staff. In the midst of the dinner a jack-ass came running among the tent-ropes, exerting his vocal organs in manner by no means pleasing to the company. Grose immediately rose, and thus addressed the intruder:

"I presume, sir, you come from head-quarters. I receive no verbal communications whatever, sir. If you have any thing to say to me, sir, I beg you will commit it to paper."

'Shortly after our author's entering it, the army was joined by no less a person than General Wellesley with the Mysore detachment. Our author, who had good means of information, gives a very favourable version of the story about that

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officer's conduct at Seringapatam, of which so much more than is necessary has been said already. The notion of the transaction having displayed any cowardice, seems completely refuted by his view of it.

Our author's picture does not want the dark touches which so powerfully diversify the Indian landscape :

'From the time we quitted Poonah all signs of cultivation ceased. The villages were mostly deserted, and such of the inhabitants as remained were exposed to all the horrors of famine. These forlorn wretches, of whom some, perhaps, had refused to emigrate, from an obstinate attachment to the soil of their birth, while others had lingered in hope till they had not strength to move, might be seen hovering round their dismantled dwellings in different degrees of exhaustion, from the first cravings of hunger to the later and more passive dejection of long privation. But still, amidst all this wretchedness, there was nothing of violence in their despair. The victims seemed to await the approach of death with patience and resignation, if not with apathy. Whether this was the natural consequence of their situation, their mental energies having gradually sunk with their corporeal strength, or whether it proceeded from the character of the 'meek Hindoo,' I cannot pretend to decide; but this silent wretchedness gave, if possible, an additional gloom to a scene already truly heart-rending. This patience under suffering, this composure, and even *sang froid*, within the jaws of death, are prominent characteristics of the Hindoo, and ought, indeed, to put to shame those among their conquerors, who, boasting higher attributes of courage and virtue, pretend to look down upon them with contempt. No one meets death with less apparent dread than the Hindoo; and when imbued with a sense of honour, as among the military casts, no one can display more heroism. I have repeatedly seen them refuse quarter, when the European would have courted mercy even in chains. Wherefore, then, are we always victorious in our contests with them? It cannot proceed, in every instance, from superiority in the art of war, for bodies of troops must sometimes clash in such a way that discipline can avail neither party. The truth lies in this, that the courage of the Hindoo is of a passive nature, while that of the European is active; the former being inert, has only its own weight to give it power, the latter has activity to increase its momentum.'

'Numberless were the spectacles of woe which we witnessed at this period. One in particular has been so deeply imprinted on my memory, that centuries of life would not efface it. Being detached one day on duty to some distance from the camp, and returning home late, having outstripped my escort, I was unfortunate enough to lose my way. Night overtook me in this unpleasant predicament, when, finding myself near one of those forlorn villages, I rode up to it to inquire my road. The moon had just risen, and showed me a group of famished wretches seated under the walls of the village, surrounded by the mortal remains of those who, happily for them, had already preceded their comrades in the agonies of death, and whose earthly sufferings were closed. As I approached, packs of jackals, preying on the wasted bodies of the latter even before the eyes of the helpless survivors, ran howling away at the sound of my horse's feet—their instinct teaching them that I was a different kind of being from those scarcely living wretches whom they viewed more with greediness than fear—while the vulture, rising reluctantly from his bloody banquet, flapped his broad wings in anger, and joined the wild chorus with discordant cries. The moon's pale light shed a suitably mournful tint over such a scene. Viewed in its silvery beams, the dark bloodless countenances of the melancholy group assumed a hue perfectly unearthly, and which I can only compare to that in which the prince of darkness is painted by the imagination of youth; while their sunken eyes, hollow stomachs, and emaciated frames, spoke the extremity of their wretchedness. I addressed a few words to them; but the only answer I obtained was a sigh, accompanied with a mournful shake of the head, betokening the want of strength even to give utterance to speech.'—Vol. ii. pp. 145—148.

The battle of Assaye is well described. We quote some of the incidents attending its conclusion.

'At this spot I witnessed a scene which I shall not easily forget. I was riding among the bodies of the poor 74th along with Captain (now Sir Colin) Campbell, who had a brother in that regiment, of whose

fate he was ignorant, till he saw his corpse extended on the ground. The shock to his feelings, and the scene that followed, may be better conceived than described. This, I believe, was his only remaining brother of a large family who had all fallen in their country's cause. It has not been the fault of Sir Colin that he has survived to wear his well-earned laurels. He was but a subaltern at the storm of Almednaghur, where his distinguished gallantry attracting the notice of the General, he made him his brigadier-major. Sir Colin is now Major-general and K.C.B., while I am but a half-pay Captain. "Fortune de la guerre!" as the French say. But he is the last man I would envy. He is a good fellow, and long may he live to be an honour to his profession! As a set-off to this affecting circumstance, I must describe a ludicrous scene which occurred about the same time, and which for a moment caused a ray of hilarity to cheer the gloom of the battle-field. A surgeon, whose bandages had been exhausted by the number of patients, espied one of the enemy's horsemen lying, as he supposed, dead on the ground, with a fine long girdle of cotton cloth round his waist, seized the end of it, and, rolling over the body, began to loose the folds. Just as he had nearly accomplished his purpose, up sprang the dead man, and away ran the doctor, both taking to their heels on opposite tacks, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. This extraordinary instance of a doctor bringing a man to life, so opposite to the usual practice of the faculty, became the subject of a caricature; while the story, as may be supposed, long clung to this unfortunate son of Galen, who afterwards went by the name of "the resurrection doctor."—Vol. i. pp. 79—81.

The next extract contains an extraordinary instance of coolness and wisdom displayed by the Duke of Wellington:

'The enemy were formed on an extensive plain in front of the village of Argam; their infantry, in the amount of about 10,000, in the centre, with about forty pieces of cannon in the intervals of the battalions, and their cavalry, which was numerous, on the wings. There was, about half a mile in front of the centre of their position, a village, towards which the right column of infantry, composed of the General's own division, was directed, and in front of which it was intended that the line should be formed. With this view our column was to pass by a road to the left of the village, and, as soon as that was cleared, it was to wheel and take ground to the right. But, scarcely had the leading platoon gained the end of the village, when the enemy opened at once all their guns on it, from the distance of about 1000 yards, and being well directed, most of the shot took effect in the head of the column. The bullock-drivers attached to some field-pieces, which, as usual, moved near the head of the brigade, becoming alarmed at this unexpected salute, and dreading, perhaps, a second Assaye, lost their presence of mind, and of course the management of their cattle, which instantly turned round, and ran headlong into the midst of the platoons just behind them, and threw them into confusion. The troops coming up in the rear of these, not knowing the immediate cause of this confusion, and feeling severely the effect of the enemy's lobbing shot, became alarmed. A panic seized them; and two battalions of sepoys, with the infantry pickets, actually turned tail, and hastened to seek shelter behind the village. The General, who was then close to the spot under a tree giving orders to the brigadiers, perceiving what had happened, immediately stepped out in front, hoping by his presence to restore the confidence of the troops; but, seeing that this did not produce the desired effect, he mounted his horse, and rode up to the retreating battalions; when, instead of losing histemper, upbraiding them, and endeavouring to force them back to the spot from which they had fled, as most people would have done, he quietly ordered the officers to lead their men under cover of the village, and then to rally and get them into order as quickly as possible. This being done, he put the column again in motion, and leading these very same runaways round the other side of the village, formed them on the very spot he originally intended them to occupy, the remainder of the column following, and prolonging the line to the right.'—Vol. i. pp. 198—199.

We have quoted at considerable length from this volume; but at this season, when the publishers are chiefly engaged in discharging their volleys of small shot as a preparation for the commencement of the campaign, an entertaining book is rather a rarity, and we shall therefore return next week to the second volume.

LAWS OF LITERARY PROPERTY.

A Treatise on the Laws of Literary Property, including the Piracy and Transfer of Copyright, with A Historical View and Disquisitions on the Principles and Effects of the Law. By Robert Maugham, Secretary to the Law Institution. 8vo. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

It would be difficult to name a law, either of nature or of man, so little susceptible, in respect to principle, of satisfactory justification to the mind of the inquirer, nor fully persuaded that 'whatever is best' as that which has obtained throughout the civilised world, in sanctioning and regulating rights to property. If order be the end and aim of legislation, and if this ORDER signify a something more comprehensive and grand than the mere retaining of things in the state into which they have emerged from the chaos of barbarism,—if it imply, by not the least allowable of fictions, the wisest arrangement devised by human reason for securing to mankind, in general, the fullest and most equal participation, compatible with their mundane condition, in the bounties of the Creator, how many facts daily occur to suggest to the speculative mind, the suspicion that the laws which regulate the distribution and possession of those gifts of Providence, on which the comfort and well-being of men depends, proceed on an erroneous principle! Should the suspicions so excited lead to more profound investigation,—should an attempt be made to probe the sore which spreads its baneful effects throughout the system,—would the examiner be fairly taxed with ignorance or credulity, if he paused for a moment, in the belief that he had found the object of his search, on beholding the idle, the unproductive, and the dissolute enjoying, or rather wasting, the fruits due to the toil and brow-sweat of others,—on perceiving the produce of one soil removed as soon as gathered, to enrich individual dwellers in other lands already overburdened with wealth, while the miserable natives of the country of its growth, and for whose use that country should seem to have been endowed with its fertility, drag on a miserable existence in privation and wretchedness? Would a being, more accustomed to the contemplation of the bounteous dispensations of Providence than to the selfish and grovelling devices of man by which they are perverted, deserve ridicule for his simplicity, if, on perceiving these abuses, he rested for a moment from his inquiries, in the persuasion that he had touched the rankling substance, that he had discovered this manifest counteraction of the designs of nature to be the result, in a great measure, of the system of laws which invests a man with the perpetual possession, the right of disposition, and even of transmission on death, of whatever he once enjoys? We take possession of an ownerless plot of ground; we till it, we scatter it with seed, and while we await the harvest, it is but justice certainly that we should be protected from invasion by others of the fruits of our industry. But the produce once collected, on what principle do we pretend to retain, against other claimants, the possession of the soil itself?

Having used it once to our profit, we assume the right of appropriating it to ourselves for ever,—to hold it against all the world. Such is the principle of occupancy; and on this flimsy foundation is it that the superstructure of human laws regarding the rights of property is avowedly erected. Weak, however, as is the principle, it has become sanctified; successions of ages and of nations have adopted it, or acquiesced in it, and even were a change desirable, it is no longer practicable. Nor are we sure but that it is in appearance rather than in reality that the system is objectionable, or that in any but extraordinary cases, and connected with other circumstances, it operates to an evil end. The all-providing bounty of nature has dealt blessings more variously than to limit them to the possession of acres and mansions, of garnered stores, of jewels and precious stones. Such treasures as these

will be held in their due and moderate estimation, either for his own sake or for that of others, by him who has felt and reflected how closely and completely substantial happiness is contained within the individual nucleus—how limited the range within which its component parts are included—who considers that these are intense in proportion as they are concentrated—that like the wire-drawn metal, the farther they are made to extend, the weaker are they, and more liable to rupture. A hundred caparisoned barbs, the chosen of Arabia, may await their owner's will in the vaulted hippodrome, but unless he would emulate the feats of a Ducrow, he can bestride at once but a single steed; nor even then is the delight in the swiftness of the fleetest courser comparable to the excitement of a mountain walk. The dainty board may present service after service, yet has each individual but a single appetite to satiate; and from authority it is averred, that at the table provided by the most sumptuous of Christian monarchs for the officers of his guard, and towards which, according to the lamentations of Hume, (Joseph, not David,) such extravagant draughts are made on the public purse, the simple slice of sirloin, and the humble *earth-apple*, are preferred to the most elaborate delicacies which the foreign skill and exquisite taste of an Ude can supply: the opulent Islamite may possess his harem, and be surrounded by his Greek and Circassian Sultanas, by the rarest beauties of Europe and Asia, all emulous of his favours, yet even for the successor of 'The Prophet,' will the affection of the soul refuse to divide itself:—a mere night of love is his, cold and freezing in proportion to the number and brilliancy of the stars that shine, a night unconscious of the genial heat of a sole vivifying luminary, extinguishing all other minor lights; and who that has felt the flood of passion flowing in one full, undivided torrent, would consent to have it dribbled over his heart in streamlets? But to take part in the councils of our native land, to stand conspicuous before the world, to raise the voice of comfort and protection to the oppressed and fallen among nations, to encourage and support people and classes of people struggling for their rights and liberties, be the usurpation that of a single despot, or of a mass of their fellow-citizens, to be conscious of an influence over the destinies of the universe—this, it must be owned, is a noble prerogative. It is the prerogative, however, of talent and not of wealth; and acres, and farms, and stock, are impotent to bestow it: and far better is it to crouch in a corner and die unseen, to invoke the aid of the friendly extinguisher to conceal our fluttering, than to shine forth only to expose our folly, to be a mark for ridicule to point the finger at. Let occupancy, then, continue to be the honoured principle of the laws of property; but let us not be charged with interested or levelling motives in speculating on its soundness in a literary, and, we trust, a philosophical journal, however justly we might be denounced for holding the same doctrine in a meeting of wild sons of Erin, or to an assemblage of Muscovite serfs.

It must be allowed, moreover, that there are objects of property to which the principle of occupancy is applied with a greater show of reason than to landed possessions. The laborious miner penetrates into the bowels of the earth, he burrows in the rocky mountain, he foregoes the blessings of light, he toils in positions the most painful and distorted, and, by hard and persevering labour with mattock and chisel, extracts a morsel of precious ore from the veins of the stony mass into which he has wormed himself. The metal so obtained is a fair object of property: it has more the character of the harvest of the cultivator, of the fruits drawn from the soil, than of the soil itself. The value of the labour bestowed in the acquisition is not separable from the intrinsic worth of the substance itself, and he by whose foresight, energy and toil the treasure has

been brought into use, is with justice protected in the enjoyment or disposition of it. Cases of conversion, also, where substances have undergone a peculiar fashion and alteration by the hand of man, are instances in which the principle of occupancy is partially, at least if not perfectly, applicable. Others might be named, but we pass them over in order the sooner to arrive at a case in which the title is higher than occupancy, and inherent in the very nature of the object.

If we acquiesce in the law which gives land for ever to him who first turned the soil with his spade, if we admit the title conferred by mere conversion or acquisition of an article on which another might have executed the same operation, what should be our course in the case in which the object, the title of which is in question, is a man's own pure production from beginning to end—the matter of his own creation, which, but for him, never would, never could, have been? Surely, if there can exist an exclusive right to the possession of any one object, it is that which has proceeded entirely from a man's self, 'the issue of his own brain,' 'his intellectual offspring.' Sure, if in any thing, in this is contained an unqualified and indisputable principle on which to found a right of property wholly indefeasible. Yet such is our legislative consistency that while we confirm, by our usages and our statutes, the title to those objects, the original right to which rests on a questionable principle, we divest those which have inherent in them all the requisite qualities to become the lawful object of exclusive possession of such their properties; we rob them from the legitimate owners, and distribute them to the public. Such is the operation of the laws which now regulate literary property.

The injustice of these laws it is the purpose of this article, to expose. The author feels and writes both as a lawyer and a man of letters, and appeals to the public for a revision and alteration of the statutes and decisions which deprive the literary man of the title to his own works after the short term of eight-and-twenty years, while the enjoyment of other species of property, which are held by claims far more questionable, are secured in perpetuity. He demands the legislative interposition to redress the wrong committed by former laws, on the ground, not only of justice, but of expediency and self-interest, by the broad and pointed argument, that 'the public have an equally strong interest and a positive duty, in promoting the general adoption of just principles,—each man being individually concerned in enforcing and upholding that which is right and just, since the mischief that is done to his neighbour to-day, may be perpetrated on himself to-morrow.' This argument, *ad hominem*, dispenses with the necessity of any further excuse for obstructing a legal subject on our lay readers, and for detaining them for a short time longer with the analysis, from the book of Mr. Maugham, of the ancient and present state of the laws affecting literary property, and an exposure of the manner in which, under the profession and pretext of protection and encouragement, the most just rights by which property can be held, have been invaded and curtailed.

Copyright is one of that class of objects of property, which has grown up with the development of the human faculties, and the progress of civilization. It is one of those new subjects for the exercise of jurisprudence, applied to which the principles of private justice, moral fitness, and public convenience, are held to make common law, without a precedent; in which, in fact, the right existed *ab origine*, however recently the occasion for asserting it may have occurred. Consequently, no early precedent of the suing for a remedy against invasion of copyright is to be found. Nor is this a matter for surprise. In those times in which to read was so scarce an attainment, that the preservation to society of a

man endowed with that rare accomplishment was an object of such paramount importance, that the course of the law, in his case, was diverted; that the very circumstance which aggravated the guilt of the accused,—unless, indeed, according to a modern doctrine, the tendency of learning was to promote the disposition to crime, and therefore, an offence was more venial in an informed than in an ignorant transgressor,—were allowed as a reason for a relaxation of the law in his favour. Accordingly, the instances of the interference of the law with the fruits of intellectual labour, either for their protection or restraint, are not traceable to a period farther back than a century after the invention of printing. The first occasion of this interference, while it recognised the right, made an infraction on the liberty, of authors. This was the charter granted to the Company of Stationers by Philip and Mary, in the year 1556, when, for the purpose of preventing the propagation of the Reformation, and suppressing what those pious sovereigns were pleased to consider seditious and heretical books, a law was made which gave to that society the exclusive right of printing books. This was followed, in subsequent years, by several acts of the Star Chamber, for the regulation of the press, and the prohibition of printing or importing books by other persons than those entitled to the exclusive right.

In 1641, and after the abolition of the Star Chamber, the power of regulating the press by proclamation and decrees was annulled; but Parliament made an ordinance which prohibited printing without the consent of the owner of the copyright, unless the book were first licensed and entered in the register of the Stationers' Company. The Licensing Act of 13 and 14 Charles II., cap. 133, prohibits the printing or importing of any book entered in the register book of the Stationers' Company, without the consent of the owner. This act, continued by subsequent statutes, expired in 1679. It was revived by 1 James II., cap. 7, and continued by 4 William and Mary, cap. 24, and finally expired in 1694.

Up to this period, therefore, and subsequently, the property in copyright was recognised as a common law right; that right itself had been given by no statute, yet the improvement of several of the statutes required that *ownership should be proved*. As property, it was consequently enjoyed; sales of copyright in perpetuity by authors were common; and there were instances in which the property in those copies was made the subject of family settlements for the provision of wives and children.

Such was the state of the law of literary property until the year 1710, the 8th of Anne, when the Act was passed 'For the Encouragement of Learning,' by which it was enacted, that authors and the persons to whom they had disposed of their rights should have the sole right and liberty of printing works for a term of fourteen years, to commence from the first publishing the same, and no longer; and that after the expiration of the first term of fourteen years, the right of printing or disposing of copies should return to the authors, if they were then living, for another term of fourteen years. This has proved a most important statute, since it formed the commencement of an era in the law of literary property; and all the subsequent discussions which the subject has undergone in courts of justice have turned on its construction. From 1710 until 1775, and until the decision by the House of Lords of the case of *Millar v. Taylor*, a suit instituted in 1796, on the subject of the publication of 'Thomson's Seasons,' it was considered that the act of Anne had not affected the common law right. The judgment of the Lords, however, established a different doctrine, and put the question out of all dispute; it closed all doors to a revival except in the form of an application for legislative enactment. Of the proceedings in this interesting case, the author of the work gives the following abstract:

* In the year 1769, the subject was discussed at great

length with respect to 'Thomson's Seasons,' in the celebrated case of *Millar v. Taylor*.

'The counsel for the plaintiff insisted "that there was a real *property* remaining in authors *after publication* of their works; and that they *only*, or those who claim under them, have a right to *multiply* the copies of such, their literary property, at their pleasure for sale." And they likewise insisted, "that this right is a *common law right*, which *always* has existed, and does still exist, independent of, and not taken away by, the statute of Anne."

'On the other side, the counsel for the defendant denied that any such property remained in the author after the publication of his work, and they treated the pretensions of a common law right to it as mere fancy and imagination, void of any ground or foundation.

'They insisted that if an original author publishes his work, he sells it to the public; and the purchaser of every book or copy has a right to make what use of it he pleases, and may multiply each book or copy to what quantity he pleases.

'They also contended that the act of Anne vests the copies of printed books in the authors or purchasers of such copies during the times therein limited, but only during that *limited time*, and under the *terms* prescribed by the act.

'There was a difference of opinion in the Court. Lord Mansfield and Judges Aston and Willes were in favour of the plaintiff's copyright, and Judge Yates was alone against it. Judgment was of course given according to the opinion of the majority.

'Some years after this decision the question came before the House of Lords, upon an appeal from a decree of the Court of Chancery, founded on the judgment given in the Court of King's Bench in *Millar v. Taylor*, and it was ordered by the House, on the 9th of February, 1774, that the judges be directed to deliver their opinions upon the following questions:

1. 'Whether at common law, an author of any book or literary composition had the sole right of first printing and publishing the same for sale; and might bring an action against any person who printed, published, and sold the same without his consent?

'Of eleven judges, there were eight to three in favour of the right at common law.

2. 'If the author had such right originally, did the law take it away upon his printing and publishing such book or literary composition; and might any person afterwards reprint and sell for his own benefit such book or literary composition, against the will of the author?

'There were seven to four of the judges who held that the printing and publishing did not deprive the author of the right.

3. 'If such action would have lain at common law, is it taken away by the statute of 8th Anne? And is an author by the said statute precluded from every remedy, except on the foundation of the said statute, and on the terms and conditions prescribed thereby?

'On this question there were only five judges who were of opinion that the action at common law was not taken away by the statute, and there were six of the opposite opinion.

'It was well known that Lord Mansfield adhered to his opinion, and therefore concurred with the eight upon the first question; with the seven upon the second, and with the five upon the third (which in the latter case would have made the votes equal). But it being very unusual, from reasons of delicacy, for a Peer to support his own judgment upon an appeal to the House of Lords, he did not speak.

'It was finally decided, that an action could not be maintained for pirating a copyright after the expiration of the time mentioned in the statute.'—pp. 30—32.

Immediately after this decision by the House of Lords in its judicial capacity, and in the same year, an act was obtained enabling the two universities in England, the four universities in Scotland, and the several colleges of Eton, Westminster and Winchester, to hold in perpetuity their copyright in books,—a glaring and most partial inconsistency, for which it would be difficult to assign a fair reason, and which, in its operation, is attended by the anomaly, that the copyright of a work which in the author existed only for twenty-eight years, if purchased by either of the bodies mentioned, becomes a right in perpetuity. The act of 41 Geo. III. made on occasion of the union with Ireland, merely en-

acted alterations in the remedies for the infringement of the law, and we may therefore pass over its clauses to the notice of the act of the 54 Geo. III. c. 156, in which the provisions of the former are embodied, and in which the law as at present in operation is contained. This act increases the term of copyright in a work to twenty-eight years certain from the time of publication, and for so long after the expiration of that term as the author shall survive. He is required to enter his book at Stationers' hall; the neglect so to do subjecting him to a penalty provided by the act, but not affecting his copyright. The penalties for piracy under this act are, liability to an action, to be brought in any court of record, for damages, and to double the costs of suit; the forfeiture of the book so pirated, damasked and made waste; and a penalty of threepence for every sheet, one moiety to the King, the other to the informer. By a decision of the Court of King's Bench constructive of this statute, an author, on the sale of his copyright, to entitle himself to the reversion of his right, should he survive the term, must make an express stipulation to that effect with his publisher; if he neglect so to do, the sale is considered a general assignment of all his interest.

Such is the substance of the law affecting literary property as it stands at present. By the act of 8th Anne, or by the construction put upon it, authors have been deprived of the right in perpetuity, which there is no doubt they previously possessed over their literary productions. Whether it were the intention of the framers of that act to work this wrong on the objects whom they professed to favour, has been and still is doubted; and, in the work of Mr. Maugham, the point is argued, and the negative proposition is maintained on very strong grounds. We shall not follow him in his reasoning on this head. The question, in a legal point of view, has been effectually set at rest by the decision of the House of Lords already referred to, and by the recognition, by subsequent acts of Parliament, of the validity of that decision. Nothing but a new legislative enactment can now remedy the evil, the injustice of which is obvious. It is powerfully exposed by our author; and we agree with him in anticipating, from the increasing liberality of the times and of Parliament, a more enlarged view of the subject, and a redress of the grievance. Should such a desired object be obtained, Mr. Maugham may certainly have the satisfaction of reflecting on the share he has taken in promoting it.

Our space will not allow us to accompany the learned author in his just and sensible advocacy of the cause of men of letters, on the subject of another crying grievance to which they are subject,—that of the University-tax, of which an alteration is the more called for, as it cuts like a two-edged sword, both ways, especially in its operation on works of value, since it not only takes eleven copies from the author, but deprives him of the sale of eleven; so that he may be said, in fact, to be taxed to the amount of twenty-two copies, although the law expresses but eleven.

The law, with regard to engravings, naturally forms a branch of the subject of Mr. Maugham's work. The several acts of Parliament by which the artists of that class are protected, have assimilated the law of this species of ingenious production to that on the copyright of books, with the exception of the remedies for infringement. A case, however, is now agitating the higher regions of art, which the law has not anticipated. Has the possessor, it is demanded, of a work of art, the right to have it engraved without the consent or emolument of the original artist, whose work it is? If not, can the heirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds (*e. g.*) supposing no lapse of time or other circumstance stand in the way require, at the hands of a possessor of a work by that master, the sum which a printseller would be willing to give for the privilege of having it engraved and published? With

these queries for the exercise of the acumen of our legal readers, we take our leave of this subject, not however, without recommending the work of Mr. Maugham as a manual to legislators, literary men, and artists; and expressing our sense of the obligation the two latter classes are under to him for the clear and satisfactory manner in which he has set before them the laws by which their labours are affected, and the zeal and talent with which he has advocated their interests.

RANK AND TALENT.

Rank and Talent; a Novel. By the Author of 'Truckleborough Hall.' 3 Vols. Colburn. London, 1828.

If there be any truth in proverbs, we ought to feel no very friendly dispositions toward the author of 'Rank and Talent,' for he clearly practices a branch—and we are afraid we must acknowledge a superior branch—of our own craft. He is, to all intents and purposes, a *reviewer*,—but a reviewer not of productions, but of producers—not of books, but of men. To dissect and furnish analyses, brief or copious as may suit his humour, or that of his bookseller, of the beings with whom he converses—to give a catalogue of all the novelties which issue from the press of fashion, whether in the form of some quarto country squire, or some wide-margined duodecimo prig of the city,—to note where these have any pretensions to originality, or where they are only new editions of approved classics; in fine, to give witty and pointed criticisms upon these compositions which shall answer firstly and chiefly the great object of showing off the talent of the critic; and secondarily, the smaller object of giving the reader some notion of the thing criticised,—this is the appropriate business of the class of traders to which our author belongs. Generally speaking, we apprehend that the laws which govern the two divisions of the trade are the same; or, at any rate, we may form a fair guess about those which prevail in one, from those which are admitted to prevail in the other; but then to avow what these laws are, might be construed into a violation of the articles of our apprenticeship, into a shameful promulgation of mysteries, which our brethren have always thought it for the interest of the public not to divulge. Thus much, however, the scrutinizing intellect of the present age has discovered respecting our peculiarities, and thus much, therefore, we may without offence acknowledge,—that a reviewer is utterly incapable of writing the book which he reviews,—that a reviewer is not to be trusted even when his accounts of books are apparently the most fair and reasonable, because he exhibits that in fragments which can only be judged of as a whole,—and lastly, that the reviewers of books are, nevertheless, a clever, hard-working race of men, and ought to be encouraged. To apply these principles: we apprehend our man-reviewer could never compose a man; that is to say, bring before our imaginations a real embodied individual—that his examination of human motives in detail is not to be confided in as a creed of human nature, because it is extremely probable that in the rude process of analysis some of the most delicate (which are often some of the most potential) ingredients have been lost sight of, and because it is quite certain that all analysis must destroy that principle of cohesion between the parts, which, be it what it may, does unquestionably give to each part in combination a different character from that which it possesses when separated; and lastly, that the man-reviewer is, nevertheless—if his functions be not misunderstood, and he be not employed to do work for which he is incompetent—a very useful and meritorious person.

The author of 'Rank and Talent' is evidently a very clever man, and his novel, in our judgment, would be insulted by comparison with almost any of the fashionable novels. Neverthe-

less, we must take leave to assure the author, though he will no doubt laugh at us for saying so, and will rank us among the persons whom he is so fond of telling us, *substitute* an ideal for a real world, (that there are persons who have both an ideal and a real world, never seems to enter into his imagination,) that he is not, except in a very low sense of the word, a man of genius or a philosopher, to both of which characters he appears to pretend. He is a very shrewd and diligent observer, one who, in investigating mankind, trusts to his understanding and not to his fancy, one who does not start with a theory which he has to make out, and which induces him to cut off all the awkward corners and sharp angles in human nature, but who fairly and honestly repeats what he hears, though the speakers may utter ever so many oddities and contradictions. The first quality, as we have said, places him at an immeasurable distance a-head of the ordinary fashionable novelists, who trust not at all to their understanding, but simply to a very crude and vulgar fancy, which tells them that each man will talk at all times according to the craft in which he was born, that lawyers are always lawyers, that a clergyman is simply a clergyman, and that one man in the middling class differs in nothing from another except in having the name Brown instead of Green, and in saying lack-a-daisy instead of good gracious. The second quality, of not having a theory to support, sets him equally above the class of novelists among whom Miss Edgeworth is queen. The follies of wise men—the sagacity of foolish men—and the existence of that large class which it is impossible to pronounce either wise or foolish, of which these gentlemen and ladies take no account, are duly recognized in his pages. He has not the monstrous notion of making a consistent character by representing a horrible creature whose mind is eternally in the same category. But here our praises must stop. If he ventures to ascend one step higher on the ladder, and place himself on a level with the men who, along with an understanding to perceive the varieties and inconsistencies of character, have likewise an imagination to conceive the principle which reconciles them, and to present us with a well-compacted creature in whom these qualities, however dissonant in themselves, shall yet be so amalgamated that their dissonance shall not be felt—if he should attempt to reach the elevation upon which such men as these are seated, the odds, we fear, are great that he stumbles and falls to the ground. He is extraordinarily deficient in dramatic power—cannot even support an ordinary conversation for two pages together, a failing of which he seems to be conscious, and for which he makes some rather awkward apologies; so that, though even of those personages whom we have never met with, he describes traits with such clearness and force that we feel they must exhibit these particular characteristics, whether we shall be able to recognize them as real men and women, entirely depends upon the accident of our having encountered them before. That this is not the case with higher works of art, is too obvious to need remarking. We never saw any creature from whom we could derive the least hint, the faintest analogy to assist us in our conception and admiration of Juliet; and yet our minds are never darkened with a shadow of scepticism respecting her reality or her womanhood.

On the contrary, we have had the honour of being introduced to the four Misses Woodstocks, though we cannot this moment recollect where and when; and consequently we are able to pronounce the following sketch capital, which, but for that fortunate event in our history, we should not have dared to do:

The young ladies were not distinguished for any great share of personal beauty, nor were they remarkable for any deficiency in that respect. They were not romantic, nor were they deficient in sensibility. They could talk well, but did not utter oracles or speak essays. They were not merely acquainted with books, but with what books taught. They were also well

aware that the knowledge which they possessed was in all probability possessed by others; and that many with whom they might converse were far better informed than themselves. They did not set up for literary ladies on the strength of having read Locke's *Essay*, or being acquainted with a few Italian poets. In fact, they had read to good purpose, and had thought to good purpose too. The worst of the matter was, there were four of them; and they were so nearly alike in moral and mental qualities, and so much together, and in such perfect confidence with each other, that there was not opportunity and distinctness enough for any one of the four to make an impression, and preserve or strengthen it. For if, by chance, any susceptible youth, who might be desirous of choosing a wife for her moral and mental qualities, should be seated next to or opposite to Miss Woodstock, and should by hearing very sensible and unaffected language fall from her lips, or by observing in her smiles or more serious looks an indication of excellent moral feeling, find that his heart was almost captivated; probably on the following morning chance might place him near another sister with whose taste he might be fascinated, and whose most agreeable manners would make him almost regret that he had already lost so much of his heart; and while he might be balancing in his mind on which of the two his affection should rest, a farther acquaintance with the family would still farther unsettle and embarrass his judgment; and he would at length conclude that, as it was impossible to be in love with four, he could not really be in love with any; and the result would be general commendation and respect; and the four young ladies would be left to enjoy their reputation of being the most agreeable, unaffected young women living.—Vol. i. pp. 161—163.

So, also, it has been our lot to meet Miss Henderson, and as we owe that young lady a grudge on several accounts, we willingly take this opportunity of revenging ourselves. We must premise that Clara is the heroine and a foreigner.

Clara was young, susceptible, romantic, well informed by means of books, was possessed of good judgment and discernment; she was more familiar with standard writers than most young women, and was not aware that there was any pedantry in talking about them; she had also a taste for science; she had seen and observed but little of the world of humanity, but she had observed more of the world of nature; botany had been one of her studies, so had astronomy, and even geology; she had also a knowledge of the Latin tongue. To say the least of it, she was pleased with her knowledge. Whatever she had acquired had been by means of books, and those books were not numerous; and whatever came to her knowledge through that medium, came with all the authority of an oracle, so that any one who contradicted what her elementary instructions had taught her, or started any different theory from that in which she had nursed her own mind, appeared ignorant of the matter altogether. Coming forth into the world, she was surprised to find that her knowledge was beyond that of many with whom she conversed, and then she placed too high a value on that knowledge. A mind constituted and situated as that of Clara Rivolta, was in great danger of receiving from the vanity and conceit with which would-be knowing ones are gifted, an impulse not favourable to its graceful and proper development.

Lady Woodstock and her daughters had been introduced to the female part of his family by Mr. John Martindale, with the view of supplying them with certain intimates, to prevent accidental or disagreeable acquaintance. But it is not easy to manage such matters precisely according to preconcerted theory and design, for these very young ladies were the means of introducing Clara to a young lady who tried very hard to make her as great a simpleton as herself. The young lady to whom we refer was Miss Henderson, eldest daughter of Mr. Henderson, the popular preacher above-named.

Mr. Henderson not knowing what means he might have to provide for his family, very wisely gave them as good an education as was in his power; and at the same time, in order to have that education for them all as cheap as possible, it was his plan that the elder should teach the younger, that she might be thus partly prepared, should need be, to undertake with a great stock of experience the task of instructing others. The young lady took instruction kindly and well. Her progress in every thing was really astonishing. Her music-master, her drawing-master, her French-master, never had such a pupil in the whole course of their experience. Masters say the same of all their pupils who are not paragons of stupidity. But in this instance

there really was somewhat more truth in the commendations than is usually the case. Mr. Henderson was of course highly delighted with his daughter's talents. Mrs. Henderson was lavish in her praise of them, and profuse in her exhibition of them. The young lady was puffed into a mighty conceit of herself, and she very kindly pitied the ignorance and incapacity of the great mass of mankind. The young lady and her father and mother were not aware, that it was to a constitution of mind by no means enviable or desirable, that Miss Henderson was indebted for the great rapidity of her progress and the multitude of her acquirements. There were two causes of that progress: one was a prodigious share of vanity, which would undergo any exertion or painful affliction in order to gratify itself; and the other was a total want of all power of imagination or principle of original and investigating thought, so that there was nothing to interfere with an undivided and close attention to any object of pursuit. The natural result of acquiring knowledge on these principles and from these causes was, that the knowledge was at last and best the mere lumber of memory, and the theme of vain pride and idle boasting; it was not food for the mind, it was not digested. There was scarcely a piece of music which Miss Henderson could not play at sight; but her style of playing was such as to weary rather than to fascinate; and to listen to the young lady's mechanical dexterity on the piano-forte, was called undergoing one of Miss Henderson's sonatas. There was also the same hardness and absence of poetry in her paintings. The outline was very correct, the colouring was accurate, the transcript complete, but there was no life in the living, no animation in the scenery. There was a provoking likeness in the portraits which she sometimes drew of her friends; and so proud was she of her skill in portrait-painting, that few of her acquaintance could keep their countenances safe from the harsh and wooden mockery of her pencil. Deriving a rich gratification to her vanity from her various accomplishments and miscellaneous acquirements, she fancied that her greatest happiness was in the pursuit of knowledge and the pleasures of science. Much did she despise the follies of the fashionable world, and very contemptuously did she regard the ignorant and half-educated part of the community, and that part, in her judgment, consisted of nearly all the world, her own self and one or two particular friends excepted. Into this select number Clara Rivolta was most graciously admitted.

Miss Henderson, though gifted with a most ample and comfortable conceit of her own superior powers and acquirements, was still not backward but rather liberal and dexterous in administering the delicious dose of flattery to those whom she honoured with her notice and approbation, as being superior to the ordinary mass of mortals. Clara Rivolta received the homage paid to her mind and acquirements as the effusions of a warm heart and generous spirit. It is possible, however, to mistake heat of head for warmth of heart. This was a mistake into which Miss Henderson was perpetually falling, both as it related to herself and to others. Not only was the young lady liberal in her praises of those whom she would condescend to flatter with the honour of her approbation, but she absolutely praised them at her own expense, expressing her high sense of their superiority to herself. But it should be added, that this kind of homage always expected a return with interest, and the language in which she praised her friends was always put forth as a model and specimen of that kind of homage which she should be best pleased to receive from her dear dear friends.

To the vanity of intellect Miss Henderson added the vanity of sentiment. She had read something in books about the heart, and about sentiment and feeling, and so on; and she thought that there must be something fine in that concerning which so many fine words had been used. Thereupon, with that conceit she added sentimentality to the rest of her acquirements; and an acquirement in good truth it really was, seeing that it was by no means natural. Not the less fluently could the young lady discourse on that subject, because she knew nothing about it; but, on the other hand, she set herself up as a judge and censor-general on all her acquaintances and the world beside on the subject of sensibility of heart. She had enjoyed many opportunities of falling in love, and those which she had enjoyed she had not overlooked. Many and many a time was her heart lost, but never irrecoverably. Few were the gentlemen who thought it very prudent to venture to pay serious court to a young lady of lofty thoughts and lowly means. A very slight degree of notice was sufficient, however, to set if not her heart in flames, at least her tongue in motion to her confidential friends

concerning sentiment and sensibility, and all that sort of thing.

Such a companion as this was by no means fit for Clara Rivolta. But Mr. Martindale saw not the real character of the young lady, and Miss Henderson was wise enough to flatter the old gentleman into a conceit that she considered him as one of the few enlightened men of the age; and, as Mr. Martindale himself was one of those oddities who think all the world blockheads but themselves, he was not displeased with that kind of homage which Miss Henderson paid him: and as Mr. Martindale was one of the very few single gentlemen whom Miss Henderson had seen and had not fallen in love with, she was not quite so disagreeable to him as she was to many others. Mr. Martindale, therefore, tolerated the acquaintance with Clara; and as for Signora Rivolta, it appeared that Miss Henderson had sagacity enough to see that she was not to be imposed on or deceived by foolish talk, and therefore she avoided exposing herself to her.

In person Miss Henderson was by no means disagreeable; she was rather pretty. There was, it is true, a little deficiency in height, and a little redundancy in breadth; but still there was nothing remarkable one way or the other. She dressed in very good taste, and her ordinary manner was good. It is wicked, or at least very thoughtless, in young men to pay unmeaning attentions to any young lady, but especially to such very sentimental ones as Miss Henderson: frequently had she been rendered unhappy by this thoughtlessness. Now, it is very silly for young men to boast of the hearts they win; and, in winning such a heart as we are now speaking of, there is certainly nothing to boast of, for any one was sure to succeed provided there was a vacancy. At the time of which we are writing, the fragrant Henry Augustus Tippetson was the favoured and honoured companion of Miss Henderson's walks; and it is difficult to say which was the prettiest animal of the two, Mr. Tippetson or his little white French dog. They were, at one time, always to be seen together, at a certain hour of the day, in the Green Park. They seemed to have a great fellow-feeling, and both looked as spruce and neat as if they had both been dressed by the same valet. Mr. Tippetson, though something of a coxcomb, and considered to be vain of his person, still was so far diffident of himself as to use the assistance of his little quadruped companion to attract attention to himself. Often has he acknowledged, or rather boasted, that his little dog has been the means of bringing him into conversation with those whom otherwise he should not have had an opportunity of addressing; and oftentimes it had been supposed that it was Henry Augustus Tippetson's private opinion, that his little French dog was considered by the ladies as a very pretty excuse for taking notice of the pretty owner of the same.

Now it was the natural unsophisticated opinion of Clara Rivolta that Mr. Tippetson was an empty-headed, effeminate coxcomb, not worth notice, and absolutely incorrigible by any other discipline but that of time. But Miss Henderson had discovered, or fancied she had discovered, that Mr. Tippetson was not so great a coxcomb as he appeared to be. She acknowledged, indeed, that he was very attentive to his dress and his person; and very candidly did she make allowance for a little error in that respect, as he was but young, and she had heard it said that it is better to be too attentive in youth than too negligent in age in that respect. As for Mr. Tippetson's lisping, she was very sure that was perfectly natural and unavoidable. The use of perfumery was become absolutely necessary from the frequency of crowded apartments. As to the apparent diversity between the studying and the learned Miss Henderson, and the lounging, indolent, unreading habits of Mr. Tippetson, the difference was rather apparent than real, according to the young lady's own account of the matter: for though Mr. Tippetson was not at present much in the habit of reading, he had been formerly, and his mind was by no means unprovided; he was a man of great observation, and was constantly making remarks and observations on every thing he saw or heard. So that Miss Henderson was quite sure that when Clara came to be better acquainted with the young gentleman, she must think better of him. Thus it is that folly is tolerated. Look at a coxcomb at a little distance, and observe his silly airs. The animal is absolutely nauseous, and his whole manner and style villainous and contemptible. But a more intimate acquaintance makes a discovery of some bearable qualities; and familiarity renders the odious less odious; and then it is thought that there are more qualities existing in him than have

been discovered, because more have been discovered than were suspected. So folly and foolery are tolerated from habit and intimacy.'—pp. 101—112.

To complete this young lady's portrait, we must present our readers with a letter in which (to borrow our author's phrase) she makes over to Clara all her right, title, and interest in Mr. Augustus Tippetson, to have and to hold the same unto her and her heirs for ever; the said Miss Henderson having, however, previously to this magnanimous step, provided herself with another admirer in the person of Clara's true love, Mr. Horatio Markham.

Once more, my ever dear Clara Rivolta, I take my pen to address you, and perhaps it may be for the last time. We are separated by distance of place, and still more so by the cessation of a correspondence which gave me at least infinite pleasure and inestimable benefit. As I can no longer hope to receive your truly intellectual communications, I read over and over again those most delightful and improving letters with which you once condescended to honour me: and indeed it was a concession in you to stoop to let down your fine mind to correspond with me. I feel I acknowledge your superiority; and not only do acknowledge and feel it, but it is manifest to others too. Tippetson is your slave. Nay, start not, I repeat it, Tippetson is your slave. I am well aware that I possess not powers of mind to retain him. Clara, he is yours. Yes, my ever dear friend, Tippetson is yours. I surrender him entirely, unreservedly, calmly. Do you doubt it, my Clara? Do you distrust me? Oh, no, you cannot. See how steadily and firmly I write. My hand trembles not; my cheeks burn not; no tear blots the paper; nor do I repeat what I have said, or wish it unsaid. Tippetson appreciates your merits. You have the power to rule and charm his mind. The world may call him frivolous, but can that be a frivolous or common-place mind that can comprehend and rightly appreciate the superior mind of Clara Rivolta? You, my dear friend, know that Tippetson is not frivolous, that he has powers of mind far above the ordinary average of human intellect. Take him, dear Clara, he is yours for ever. And do not think that in thus surrendering him to you, I renounce your friendship; nay, rather do I seem to have a stronger claim on it and on your gratitude for this surrender. But I may not enlarge. I must not endeavour to renew a correspondence, which you, no doubt, for the best of reasons, have declined. I have written by this day's post to Tippetson to the same purport that I have written to you. May Heaven bless you both with all imaginable happiness! Think nothing, I conjure you, of the pain which this sacrifice has cost me, that is now over and past. It is done. Every other consideration must give way to the sanctity of friendship. Farewell, a long farewell. Ever and unchangeably yours,

REBECCA HENDERSON.'

Mr. Tippetson, the hero of the preceding extracts, is a very cleverly-managed character. To introduce any novelties into the treatment of an ordinary coxcomb, we should, *a priori*, have pronounced impossible; but our author has succeeded in throwing some new light upon the hackneyed subject. A far more elaborate personage is old Mr. Martindale, who, though belonging to the race of rich old bachelor patrons, has very specific and individual distinctions, which make it impossible that he should be confounded with his tribe. But partial extracts would do great injustice to that personage, as well as to Mr. Horatio Markham, (joint hero of the book with the Honourable Philip Martindale, who is the head partner in the firm,) a high-minded, clever and accomplished young barrister, with a touch of legal and literary coxcombray; and, therefore, we prefer recommending to our readers this book. They will find it very lively and amusing, written in a particularly quaint and dry style, and exhibiting, as we said before, unusual sagacity in the sketches of character. These qualities they must beware of mistaking for greater ones; but they must also beware of undervaluing them, or of preferring to them the tinsel merit of skill in astonishing by incidents. We ought, however, to have mentioned before, that the story in which these gifts are set is sufficiently entertaining and well sustained.

UNIVERSITIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Extracts from a Work preparing for publication, under the title of 'Select Notices of Universities and Public Schools.' Pp. 80. London, 1828.

THE pamphlet before us has hitherto, we believe, been circulated only among the members of the Provisional Committee of King's College. It is merely a collection of extracts from a larger work which the author of it has long been preparing, but which he has deferred presenting to the public from a laudable anxiety to make his extensive materials still more useful by carefully arranging and condensing them. Judging from these specimens, we anticipate more advantage to the cause of education from the entire work than from any which has been published for a long season; and if the founders of King's College should be able to effect no other good end than that of calling it forth, we should think their labours had not been in vain.

The pamphlet opens with the University of Edinburgh; the sketch of this institution, though probably only an outline of that which will appear in the forthcoming work, is, nevertheless, more complete than any we have seen elsewhere.

The characteristics of these regulations and of the university for which they were formed, seem to be, weakness and instability in the foundation, and considerable practical wisdom in the details. These symptoms mark all educational institutions in this country, at least, which are of modern origin; and we trust that any universities which may be hereafter introduced, will be as eager to profit by the improved notions which these bodies derived from their age, as they be will to seek their principles and groundwork in the establishments of a more remote generation. This seems to us the true application of experience in education, and in most things else. Some would say, the last age was better than all the foregoing ages; what we must do is to add to the stock of wisdom which we find accumulated in the institutions which it produced something of our own. Others would say no: the principles of these institutions were laid in the early ages; what is required of us is to divest these foundations of all that has been built upon them since, and then to build for ourselves. Whereas, we apprehend, the true philosopher would say, each age has added something and has lost something. Study what idea each age has worked out, and if you find that the groundwork of institutions was but consulted for by our remote forefathers, and the details of their administration by our immediate predecessors, you must endeavour to consolidate both in your new establishment, unless you would have it remain in some important circumstance imperfect.

One of the most useful suggestions for the consideration both of new and old English University authorities, is the following extracts from the Library:

Library Regulation.—The Library will be open for the purpose of giving out books to students every lawful day during the Winter Session, from 11 o'clock, A.M. to 2 o'clock, P.M., except on Saturdays, when it will be shut at one o'clock precisely.

In applying for books, it is necessary for students to bring with them a written list of such as they wish, and to present to the Librarian their matriculation

* On this point we can give our readers an amusing piece of University History, with which probably they are unacquainted. A few months ago, a Grace passed the Senate of the University of Cambridge, for permitting Bachelors of Arts (under certain restrictions, which fully secured the Masters from any other danger of being forestalled in their demand for new works) to obtain books from the university library. This Grace was thrown out in the *Caput*, in consequence of one individual in that august body interposing his veto. This individual is the professor of civil law in that University, a science which requires more various and discursive reading for the comprehension of it, than perhaps any other in the whole compass of human studies!

ticket, and the ticket of some one Professor for the actual session.

'Every book taken out must be returned within a fortnight uninjured—the same book may be taken out again for another fortnight, unless previously asked for by another.'

'Attendance is given in the Library, every lawful day, from ten till three o'clock, to enrol the names of the students in the "Album," which is the only legal record of their attendance in the University.'—p. 6.

The next section is on the University of Glasgow. For that institution we certainly feel no partiality; we think it reflects, in a remarkable degree, all the vices of the Scotch mind, and, of course, strengthens and transmits them. The farces, with accounts of which we are every year annoyed in the English newspapers, of the boys electing their own Rector, would be enough alone to disgust us with the system. Yet we think there is admirable good sense in the following observations; and their occurrence in such place furnishes a striking proof that there is no educational institution, however contemptible in its outlines and its general details, from which some useful hints may not be gleaned:

'Discipline.—Remarks upon it.—The most certain and effectual mode of discipline, or rather the best method of rendering discipline in a great measure needless, is by filling up regularly and properly the time of the student, by interesting him in the objects of his studies and pursuits, and by demanding regularly and daily an account of his labours. In the present state of the University, such of the students as can afford the expense frequently live in the families of the Principal and Professors, where they have, together with the opportunity of prosecuting their studies, the advantages of proper society and private tuition. It is, at the same time, in the power of every Professor to become acquainted with the deportment, application, and abilities of almost every one of his students. And the knowledge of this is likely to be much more effectual in exciting their exertions and producing regular attention to their studies, than the endless penalties which may be contrived for every species of misdemeanour. A complicated and rigorous discipline, extending to innumerable frivolous observances, can hardly fail, in this age, to become contemptible. If students are treated like children, it is not to be expected that they will behave like men.'—p. 15.

Trinity College, Dublin, is the next University on the list, and it is very briefly disposed of. There is nothing in the plans of this body, as they appear in the list, which merits much observation or imitation, but possibly a more careful study will discover, even in this 'silly sister,' some features that are not uninteresting or inexpressive. Among these we may mention permission of marriage to the senior fellows,—a privilege now, we fear, withdrawn, but which we should like to see admitted into Oxford and Cambridge. Of course, King's College is not interested in this question, for we take it that no enforced celibacy is there contemplated. The BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION, we have heard, is under respectable management, and that considerable attention is paid to the improvement of the student. There seems, however, to be no peculiarity worth mentioning in it, except the Board of Faculty, an institution of very doubtful utility, of which the following account is given:

'Board of Faculty.—Its Functions.—The Professors form a Board of Faculty to superintend the literary concerns of the Collegiate department: and each Professor is, in his turn, President for one year. This Board is empowered to take cognizance of every matter connected with the literary pursuits and moral discipline of that department of the Institution, to regulate the course of studies to be pursued, and to direct the formation of new classes when necessary, with the concurrence of the Joint Boards of managers and visitors; to appoint the hours for the meeting of the several classes, and the time and order of public examinations; and finally to adjudge premiums, sign the testimonials given to students at the close of the collegiate course, in the presence of the managers and visitors, specially summoned for that purpose; and to enforce discipline, such fines and punishments as they may deem proper.'

'The Board meets in the institution once a week during the college session, and as often during vacation as may be necessary.'—p. 18.

Then follows the charter of the lately established King's College in Canada. After which we arrive at the University of Paris. We have been long promised an account of this body from the pen of one of its members, and therefore we shall pass over the numerous details which are furnished in the pamphlet. The ROYAL COLLEGE VENDOME seems expressly made for the manufacture of Frenchmen. It is divided into classes, the studies of which are arranged with all that attention to artificial system, and that disregard of real method which characterize the nation. The following passage is richly natural:

'Instruction, 3d Class.—When once the scholar has reached the third class, the principles of the language are expounded to him, and he is taught to appreciate choice of expression and harmony of style. With this view, general and detailed ideas are conveyed to him of the elements of oratory, and the science of phraseology; indeed, for the purpose of ascertaining that he has comprehended what he has heard, he is required to compose an analysis of the lecture. On holidays he is required to translate a select piece of Latin prose or poetry, and enjoined to transfuse, as far as he may be capable, the peculiar beauties of the original into his version. The next morning, his translation is compared with the model assigned; and he is rendered sensible of the resources which his native tongue possesses towards overcoming difficulties, by the perusal of a corresponding translation by some eminent hand.'—p. 46.

We are informed, also, that *religion being the most solid corner-stone of virtue and manners, is taught and practised by a resident spiritual superintendent, approved by the Bench of Bishops!*

We now come to that rich theme, the German Universities, about which Mr. Russell has written a book displaying so much cleverness, ignorance, bigotry, and what includes all these, Scotticisms. The University of Gottingen occurs first; but with this subject our readers are already acquainted, and many of the details in these extracts are taken from the article upon it which appeared in 'The Athenæum.' We pass on, therefore, to Berlin, of which the details here furnished are very ample. The following passage deserves consideration at least; whether the plan which it unfolds deserves imitation, (as the writer seems to think,) is a more difficult question.

'Specification of the Lectures, 1825-1826.—The Universities of Germany (says a Correspondent) deserve the name more justly than those of any other country; because every branch of learning and science is comprehended in their scheme of tuition. In proof of this assertion, we may observe that, during the winter session of 1825-1826, there were held at Berlin,—

25	26 Courses of Lectures in Theology.
50	Jurisprudence.
12	Medicine.
19	Philosophy.
23	Mathematics.
10	the Physical Sciences.
12	Political Economy.
4	History.
25	the Fine Arts. [guages. Ancient and Modern Languages.

'There are two circumstances which accompany the distribution of the public lectures of this University, which appear extremely deserving of imitation. In the first place, each series of courses delivered in the various faculties, is headed by an "Encyclopedic and Historical Course of the particular Science." A synopsis of this description is of infinite use, whether as regards the commencement or the close of the student's labours. In the second place, a variety of Professors are frequently engaged in lecturing on the same branches. This competition engenders a spirit of emulation, which is as beneficial to the student, as it is to the science itself.'—p. 53.

The University of Warsaw follows. This history contains nothing very remarkable, but there is something very melancholy in reading such a paragraph as the following, in the statutes of a Polish university:

'University Meetings.—The whole of the Members of the University assemble in solemn convocation, to render homage to the memory of such of their fellow-countrymen as have signally advanced the cause of science of learning, to celebrate the anniversary of its foundation, or to instal a new rector.'

'Injunctions to the Professors.—No restriction whatever is laid upon the Professors as to the mode in which they shall develop their theories, excepting that they are enjoined to avoid whatever may be prejudicial to the interests of religion, government, and purity of manners. They are equally enjoined, by every practicable means, to render theory subservient to practice and the wants of the country, and to spare no exertions which may serve to promote science and diffuse useful knowledge.'—pp. 57-58.

Alas! who are their fellow-countrymen! and where is the country for whose wants the professors are to provide?

The Russian Gymnasia, which were fresh organised by the Emperor Alexander, and were connected with the different Universities previously established in the country, form the next subject. We think the following is an interesting peculiarity in these new institutions:

'Illustrative Excursions during the Vacation.—The masters of mathematics, natural history, and technology, join with their best pupils, during the vacations, in making excursions into the adjacent country, as a means of enlivening and illustrating their studies. These excursions afford an opportunity of exercising the student in practical geometry, botany, &c., and give him an insight into such mechanical or technological establishments as may chance to be at hand.'—p. 64.

Passing over the Parisian special school of commerce, we come to the colleges of the United States. In spite of Dr. Dwight's opinion that the system of government in Yale College combines every advantage, we must take leave to remark, that if the following statement be correct, as it no doubt is, the legislature and the mob opinion which it represents must exercise a far more direct control over those bodies than we think is at all consistent with their independence, and their usefulness as bodies destined to control and form the mind of the country:

'Government, Honours, Degrees, Punishments.—The government is in the hands of the President and eighteen Fellows: but "their acts are to be laid before the legislature as often as required, and may be repealed and disallowed by the legislature whenever it shall think proper." The President, with the consent of the Fellows, has power "to give and confer all such honours, degrees, and licenses, as are usually given in colleges or universities, upon such as they shall think worthy thereof." There is also a right of appeal to the corporation in cases of expulsion, dismission for faults, and rustication for any term longer than nine months. A new trial must first be requested, within thirty days after the sentence, and laid before the faculty. If the former judgment be then confirmed, the parent or guardian of the student must lodge a petition to the corporation with the President, within thirty days after the new trial, and he must lay it before the corporation at their next meeting. Trials, fines, and other public punishments have, however, fallen greatly into disuse. At present, the administration is almost entirely of a parental character. A student, guilty of such inferior offences, as desertion of study, and disorderly or dissolute conduct, after private remonstrances have failed, is solemnly admonished that he is in danger. If needful, he is admonished a second time, and his conduct made known to his parent or guardian, that he may unite his efforts with those of the faculty for the reformation of the youth. And if he still persist in his vicious courses, he is sent home, and cannot be re-admitted without a vote of the faculty. This scheme of government (observes Dr. Dwight, the late President) has been found to unite in it every advantage.'—p. 69.

Here, for the present, we must break off, thanking our author most heartily for the instruction he has afforded, and promising to return to the subject as soon as the publication of his work affords us the opportunity.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

PAGE.	
The Universities of Europe and America. Cambridge. No. III. . . .	17
Twelve Years' Military Adventures	18
Maugham on Literary Property	19
Rank and Talent	21
Universities and Public Schools	23
Literature of the Peasantry in France	26
Origin of the Post in No. III. . . .	27
Sporting Reminiscences, No. III. . . .	28
A Philosophical Discussion on a Fire in Holborn	29
Foreign Notices	30
Amesbury on Fractures	31
Meteorological Table	32

LITERATURE OF THE PEASANTRY.

THE GHAISS; AN AULD SCOTS TALE.

We enter our protest against Schlegel's sweeping division of all poetry into classic and romantic; not only because the distinction is seldom apparent, as the one, contrary to all logic, frequently includes the other, but because it seems to exclude one important class of productions, which, for want of a more appropriate epithet, we shall call POPULAR. Without going into minute definition, we would rank under this head the songs, ballads, and tales, which form almost the only literature known to our peasantry and mechanics, and exert so extensive an influence over their feelings and opinions, that a shrewd politician remarked, if he had the making of the ballads of a nation, he would give any body who chose the making of the laws.

In this remark, the politician was partly right; but if, like most generalities, it be pushed to extreme cases, it will not apply. We know that the most despotic tyrant must often bend to popular opinion, and that he must always be careful not to offend popular prejudice. Joseph II. could not, with all his power, force the people of Vienna to put quicklime into their coffins; nor could Peter the Great compel the Russians to shave their moustaches. The passing of an edict is a very different matter from obeying and complying with its injunctions. The French Convention could easily pass and publish a decree that the soul is not immortal, and, to impress it the more forcibly on the mind, could order a figure of eternal oblivion to be set up in the burying grounds throughout France. But this absurd and impious edict could not eradicate the national belief, which continued to prevail in spite of the sceptical lawgivers and their foolish decrees.

These are cases in which the influence of popular poetry is, for the most part, paramount to all authority. It takes hold of the memory, and becomes a species of prejudice, which interweaves itself with every thought and every action. It, consequently, leads or confirms the popular opinion, and becomes an article of the national belief. Nor is this influence confined to the mere vulgar. It often extends to the middle, and sometimes to the upper ranks, who, in their more early years, when most susceptible of impression, meet with the popular poems and ballads in the nursery, or in the hands of their dependants.

If it be acknowledged, moreover, that literature, whatever be its species, and however little it may be cultivated, possesses over the mind an almost unlimited sway in polishing its original rudeness, extending its range of activity, and multiplying its sources of enjoyment,—we must conclude, that the shortest excursion which a peasant can make in the fields of poetry and fiction, will give his thoughts and feelings a character altogether different from that of his unlettered neighbours. According to the original bent of his mind, and the species of literature with which he becomes acquainted, he will be changed from a commonplace rustic, to a shrewd, cautious, calculating man,—or to a rapt, visionary swain, who lives alternately amidst delightful, but unreal, dreams, and distressing, but equally unreal, horrors. To the first class belongs Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' of whom he says,

' Ilk day that he's alone upon the hill
He reads fell books that teach him mickle skill.'

And again,

' Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, sang, or sport;
Nor does he want a routh of them at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.'

Gray has given an admirable description of the second class in his Elegy :

' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of daws,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.'

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.'

These are the extremes, between which will be met with every shade of difference in rudeness and in polish, in practical wisdom and poetical dreaming. It is this which stamps the manners of a peasant, as much as either his natural disposition, or the peculiarities of the district where he lives. It effects a wonderful change even on his language, for though he uses the very same provincial vocabulary as others, yet will his sentences acquire a polish and a correctness of construction, which will strongly contrast with the harsh and vulgar colloquiations of his neighbours.

Of the truth of these positions we are well assured from personal observation, and we could easily give numerous living examples to prove it; but we must, for the present, decline this, as it would lead us too far from our immediate aim. Since, then, the subject which we propose to examine, appears to be of considerable moment both in a political and literary view, we shall occasionally devote a few pages to some of the poems which work so powerfully and secretly on the thoughts and feelings of the people.

The specimen which we shall first select, is not, we believe, much known beyond the precincts of the cottage; and there it has of late become a great favourite among the Scottish peasantry. It is evidently intended to ridicule a belief in ghosts, by detailing, in mock-heroic blank-verse, (a novelty, or, as Southee would call it, an experiment in Scottish song,) a parody of a tale which seems to be the basis of more than half the legends relating to the re-appearance of disembodied spirits.

A traveller, who is in the tale named 'auld Gibby,' takes shelter from a storm in a half ruined castle, to which he was attracted by a glimmering light. The tenant of the ruin could afford him no accommodation, unless he were willing to sleep in a chamber which had been long haunted by a ghost. To this, Gibby, after some demurring, was reluctantly obliged to consent, upon condition of having his dog, Bawty, for his companion, and a blazing fire lighted up on the hearth. After he had retired to his apartment, the ghost, of course, soon appeared in all its terrors, and led Gibby out into the storm to point out to him a concealed treasure; for which good office, a promise was exacted from him of burying the bones of the ghost in consecrated ground, in default of which, his spirit could not rest. Gibby, after this midnight adventure, returned quietly to his bed and slept till morning, hopefully dreaming of his good fortune. But, to his sad disappointment, he found, on awaking, that it had been all a dream; for Bawty, whom he had left tied up, to guard the golden casket, was lying snugly in the chimney-corner, and looked kindly up in his face.

The opening of the piece is quite a picture of an old peasant exposed to the pelting of a pitiless storm :

' Cauld was the night—bleak blew the whistlin' win',
An' frae the red nose fell the drizzlin' drap,
Whilk the numb'd fingers scantily could dight aff,
Sae dozen'd wi' the drift, that thicken' flew.
In poor auld Gibby's face, an' dang him blin'.
Sair, sair he pech'd, an' faught against the storm,
But aft for foghten turn'd tail to the blast,
Lean'd him upon his rung, an' took his breath;
Poor Bawty, whinigin', crap to his lee side,
Wi' is tail atween his feet, an' shook his lugs.'

Gibby's affection for his dog may almost match with that of Dalgetty for his horse Gustavus, or of Sterne's pilgrim for his ass; for

' Loutin' down, be happ'd him wi' his plaid,
Clappit his head, an' cried " Poor fellow, whilst;
An' gif I'm spared to reach some biggit wa',

Ye 's win as near the ingle as mysel',
An' share my supper too.—But we maun on—
The night grows mirker, an' nae moon nor stars
We'll see the night.—Sae let us face the blast,
An' " to a stay brae set as stout a heart!"
Sae cheer'd he his dumb brute, an' he was cheer'd.'

The prevalence of good-natured feelings of kindness towards the brute creation is one of the best indications of a well-regulated heart, though the sentiment makes but little impression on a peasant when it comes from the pulpit in the form of a studied discourse, compared with the indelible stamp which is left upon his memory by such lines as these. Shakspeare's well-known lines,—

' The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering, feels a pang as great
As when giant dies.'

have, we doubt not, sunk deep into the hearts of thousands; and a better feeling than what we have quoted could not be expressed in a popular tale. The proverb which inculcates perseverance is also good, though not quite so strong as the verse by Burns,—' He that does the best he can, will whiles do mair,'—which has cheered many a peasant through the most hopeless difficulties.

Gibby's perseverance was crowned with success; for, when he was

' Quite dowl an' dozen'd, through the drift he saw
A light dim-blinkin', an' at last a house:
" Twas an auld biggin, that in per'ous times
(Whan folk rampaged an' fought for ilk a thing)
Had been set there to keep aff sudden skaith ;
An', in fierce brulziments, wi' warlike wights
Had stoutly stood; but now 'twas tumblin' down,
O'ercome by Time, (fell lout!) that a' o'ercomes.
The moon, just glimmering through a parted cloud,
Showed Gibby what o' the auld wa's remain'd ;
An' where the creepin' woodbin' spread its leaves,
Light shakin' wi' ilk blast o' win' that blew.
Blythe, blythe was Gibby, (Bawty, too, was blythe ;)
He chappit at the door, an', gif he could,
He wad ha' whistled too; but, wi' the cauld,
He davert sae, he could na crook his mou.'

There is, perhaps, some want of *keeping* here. The poet (for the author we hesitate not to call so) has sometimes forgotten his mock-heroic, and been fairly carried away by a higher spirit. The description of the old castle is indeed excellent, but it is too good, too much sustained and polished, to correspond with what follows. As there is nothing remarkable in the conversation with the landlord, we pass on to the haunted chamber :

' Whan the lang, drawlin', gaunt, an' drowsy e'e,
Showed bed-time come, he was led up the stair,
(Whare ne'er a foot for mony a day had gane,)
An' thro' an entry, lang and ruinous,
Whare, at the auld fail'd winnocks, the cauld blast
Gar'd Gibby shiver as he gaed alang.
The door, worm-eaten, creakit on its bars,;
An' in he steppit, eerie, leukin' roun',
To ilk a nook he thought might haud a *ghaist*.
Aneath, ayont his bed, an' up the lum,
But naething could he see worse than himself.
A clear peat-ingle bleec'd on the hearth-stane,
Foregains which Bawty crap, waggin' his tail,
Turn'd him about, an' laid him krusly doun,;
Thinkin' o' neither bogies nor the storm.

" Gilbert, gude night, soun' sleep, an' a blythe mornin',"

Quo' the gudeman, an' parting, steek'd the door.

" Gibby said naething, but look'd wondrous dowl;
Fast as he could, hows'ever, into bed
He gat, amang the claise, out o'er the lugs,
An' sain'd himsel', and swat wi' perfect fright.'

The entrance of the Ghaist is given with considerable effect. Some of the touches would not have disgraced the author of ' Tam O'Shanter' himself.

' The auld door
Risp'd on its rousy bars. Poor Gibby glowr'd,
Bawty set up a lang an' fearsome howl,
And cowr'd aneath the bed : when, strange to tell,
The fire-flaughts glanced sae clear aroun' the room,
Ye might ha' gather'd preens : the thun'rin' rair'd,
An' wi' an elrich skirl, a fell-like sight,
Wi' bluid a' barken'd, gousy stalk'd alang,
Steer'd up the ingle, gied a lang ho' grane,
An' shook its bloody pow ! An' thrice it pass'd,

Wi' slaw an' heavy step, by Gibby's bed,
Whanear-han' swarf'd, an' scarce could thole the fright.'

The tale of the Ghast follows, in which the poet has introduced some brief precepts of popular morality. The spirit thus addresses the terrified Gibby :

'Sax towmond's syn, benighted here like thee,
Fremit, far frae home—my hame to see nae mair,
Wi' gear weel laden, a' my ain, dear won,
O'er dear, slack! *The best craft's honesty*;
I wanted to be rich; let knaves tak' tent;
For whan I bles'd myself an' had it snug,
Mark how it ended.—In that vera bed
I laid my weary limbs, whan my base host,
In dead o' night came on me, nae ill dreadin',
Reav'd me o' n'; an' that nane e'er might ken't,
He, wi' a muckle rung, dang out my harns.
D' ye see that ugly gash?—but be na fley'd,
The sky-bald, by his ain ill conscience chas'd,
Did flee the kintra, an' ne'er kend the gude o';
'Twill mak' you rich.—Rise up, and come awa',
I'll shaw ye where it's hidden. Now min me,
Under that heath y'll fin' my banes; them tak'
An' see safe yirded into haly grun';
Sae will my wan'rin' spirit be at rest,
An' mayest thou never meet a fate like mine.'

The prospect of riches seems to have operated on our hero very powerfully, in dispelling his fears, as he immediately complied with the Ghast's command :

'Up Gibby raise—nae daffin' in his head,
An' fallowed his grim guide—dreary and dreigh,
He passed the muckle yett. The cauld north win',
That blew sae loud short syn, was now fair lawn;
The moon shone clear upo' the new-fu' n'shaw,
An' made a haflins day. When they had gane
Thro' twa-three fields, the Ghast at length stapp'd
short,
An' grained an' waved his hand: 'Lo! here (quo' he)
"Ilk boodee lies that ance to me perten'd:
(Oh! it is little worth where I ha'e gane,
I gi'e it a' to you. Mark weel the park:
An' now be sure, the yirdin' o' my banes
Dinna mislippin. Oh! remember me!"
Nae mair he said, but whidded o' sight.'

At the conclusion of this scene, poor Gibby was more collected and 'forethoughty' than might have been supposed, from the supernatural intercourse he had been holding.

'Wi' hair on en', an' ilk lith an' lim'
Quakin' wi' fright, Gibby, to fin' a meith'
Looked a' about, but neither tree nor bus,
Nor stane cou'd fin', thro' a' the snaw spread waste;
At last [he] beethought him o' his knarly keut,
An' stack it i' the yird wi' sicker birze:
"This rung" (quo he) will be a special mark;
But less some wilder'd wight in wan'rin' by,
Should fit it.—Bawty! ye maun watch't till day,
An' I sall row ye in my waukit plaid.'

The catastrophe, if we may call it so, is given with much *naivete*:

'Clear raise the morn on Gibby's drowsy head,
He grained and rax'd himself, an' thought on Bawty,
Poor fallow! freezin' a' night 'mang the snaw.—
An' whare he'd get a pick-axe an' a spade
To houle the hidden treasure; bann'd himself'
For owre lang sleepin'; started to the floor,
Whare, Bawty, faul to see his master safe,
Leuk'd kin'ly in his face an' wagg'd his tail.
He condon't trust his een, but glowl'd about,
Rub'd them an glowered again, an' clearly saw
The dog, the plaid, the gartans, an' the keut,
He left them when he ga'ed to bed.
The goud was gane, sue was the grumly ghost,
An' Gibby's lairdship was for ever lost.'

Of the merits of this popular tale, we need say nothing, as we have been so copious in our extracts that our readers may well judge for themselves. To us it appears that its merit entitles it to be better known; and we take credit to ourselves for bringing forward from the obscurity of the peasant's cottage, this picturesque companion to Burn's 'Tam O'Shanter.'

Who the author was or is, we are wholly ignorant; most of the copies which we have seen, are signed ROBBIN FAGGOT, evidently a *nom de guerre*, though, on the slight evidence of the initials of this name, we have heard it ascribed to Ferguson. This cannot be well ascertained from the style;

for though we may safely pronounce that Burns could not be the author of it on the evidence of the style alone, yet Ferguson had less mannerism and less genius; and of course, his touches are more difficult to trace. The only strong objection against Ferguson, is the dialect, which partakes more of the western idiom than he could have given it. We should, therefore, be more inclined to ascribe it to Wilson, the humorous author of 'Watty and Meg,' but better known for his splendid work, 'The American Ornithology'; though we confess we have but little foundation for the conjecture, besides the dialect and the peculiar cast of the poems which Wilson published before he went to America. After all, it may very probably be the production of some obscure peasant among the crowd of imitators who took to rhyming during the splendid career of Burns.

A.

ORIGIN AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE POST IN FRANCE.

THE edict by which Louis XI. decreed the establishment of the first stations for the service of the post on the principal high-roads of France, is dated on the 19th of June, 1464, and contains one-and-twenty clauses. A station was directed to be maintained at every fourth mile. The sole object of this first attempt was to secure prompt despatch and relays of stout horses for the messengers who bore official communications from the sovereign in those turbulent times, or conveyed similar communications to him from the higher servants of the state, who were employed in the provinces. The introduction of post-houses, for the regular conveyance of letters, or the convenience or necessities of travellers, was not contemplated at that time of day; nor were the relays expected to consist of more than four or five horses. A similar establishment is said to have been formed in three high-roads, in the time of Charlemagne, though, with this difference, that he made his subjects defray the expense of the regular conveyance of his couriers, orders, and despatches. Taboetius* and Berger† record this fact, and add, 'that he established three viatorias: the first on account of his conquests in Italy; the second on account of his having brought Germany under his yoke; and the third with a view to Spain.' For this purpose, he expended considerable sums in making roads and building bridges, and accomplished public undertakings which were beyond the capacity of most of his successors. A sufficient proof of the justice of this remark exists in one single circumstance,—no pavement was seen in any of the French cities or towns until two hundred and seventy years after his decease. With Charlemagne's reign began and ended the first attempts at forming any regular post-establishments in France; for no vestige of them is to be traced from that period down to the times of Louis XI., unless, indeed, we admit, in counter-evidence, an old charter of Louis the Fat, recording a donation to the church of 'St. Martin de Champs,' in which his signature is accompanied by that of one Baudouin, in the quality of Grand Maître des Postes. It does not, however, by any means follow that any post really existed in France previously to the fifteenth century, besides that set on foot by Charlemagne. On the contrary, it is more than probable that this title of Grand Maître des Postes was a mere title of honour derived from the age of Charlemagne, and equivalent to a similar designation which existed in Saxony a century back, though the holder of it was in no ways connected with the post-office department.

The year in which the decree of 1464 took effect, as well as the parties by whom it was first brought to bear, are quite unknown even in France;

* In Paradox. Regum,

† In 'Histoire des gros Chemins,' livre iii. p. 577.

equally so is the name of the officer (styled 'Conseiller Grand Maître des Courreurs de France' by the 2d clause of that decree,) who was intrusted with the duty of founding and superintending the new establishment. All we learn is, that the sovereign intended this task to be committed to a person 'in whose intelligence, capacity, and integrity he could confide,' and that this individual should remain at his elbow. There is some reason for believing that the office was united with that of his 'master of the horse,' which was held by his old favourite Alain Goyon; though it would seem that from the year 1479, the superintendence of the post was vested in the 'comptroller of the equeviers of the stable,' whom, in that year, we find to have been one Robert Paon. V. Hörmigk affords us a memorable instance of the perfection to which this branch had been carried, when he informs us that 'Chauveau, herald to King Louis XI., brought letters to his master, at his chateau of Amboise, in less than three days from Milan.'*

The indefatigable vigilance which Louis XI. exercised, both as regarded external as well as domestic occurrences, his secret treaties, the intrigues of his neighbours, particularly of the prince, and subsequent duke, of Burgundy, and his frequent wavering as to the cause it behoved him to espouse, occasioned so much employment for messengers and envoys, that, at his death in 1483, there were no fewer than 234 couriers or equeviers (*chevauchers*), most of them apparently stationed in the various provinces. Charles IX., who found much less need for these personages, reduced their numbers to 120, and, at the same time, raised the superintendents of stations to the rank of regular servants of the crown. This measure was subsequently confirmed by an edict of Louis, dated in February 1509.

The first relays established in France, date from the year 1597; they were afterwards interwoven with the post-office department. In 1608, the title of 'Comptroller-General of the Post' was exchanged for that of 'General of the Posts,' to whom were assigned very extensive powers over every person and matter connected with his office, whilst all appointments, dismissals, or promotions were made dependent on his nod.

It is worthy of notice, that no essential change was made in the machinery of this branch from the time of Louis XI. to that of Louis XIII., a space of nearly one hundred and fifty years. The posts were, at that time, exclusively reserved for the service of the sovereign and the state; nor was any private individual allowed to make use of them; and the edict of 1464 specifically prohibits all post-masters, under pain of death, from supplying horses to any persons who were not furnished with a passport from the King and an order from the Comptroller-General, 'because the establishment was wholly subservient to the purposes of the crown and state.' Hence was derived the expression made use of in the letters of appointment to this service,—'Maitres tenans les chevaux courans pour le service du Roi, et Maitres Courreurs.' These post-masters were, in case of necessity, bound personally to carry the despatches of the sovereign, the governors, lieutenant-generals of the provinces, and other chief officers of the state; and for this reason they were styled, in the old letters-patent, 'Chevauchers, or Equeviers of the Stable.' This, indeed, was the original title of the King's messengers, for which that of cabinet-messengers, or couriers, was afterwards substituted.

The post was not employed for general purposes before the time of Louis XIII., when private persons began to take advantage of it for the transmission of letters and packets, in consideration of a moderate charge. This custom arose out of a permission, which had been previously given to couriers and estafettes, to convey the correspondence of private individuals when engaged in car-

* De Regali Postarum Jure, p. 87.

ry public despatches. D'Almeras, the Postmaster-general, observing the great satisfaction which this permission afforded, established regular post-office couriers, who left Paris for the various provincial capitals on certain days in the week, and returned back from the post-offices in those capitals on subsequent days. This alteration, which proved equally beneficial to the post-office as well as the public, was effected in the year 1629, when Louis XIII. discharged the greater part of the Government messengers; and, in his *ordonnance* of January in that year, directed his governors, generals, and other servants, for the sake of public economy, to abstain from sending their despatches by official couriers, but to transmit them in future through the ordinary channel of the post-office.

We must not omit to make mention of the privileged establishment of couriers connected with the university of Paris; a department which that body had set on foot, at so early a date as the thirteenth century, for its own convenience, and the conveyance of such letters, property, and money as the host of students, who resorted to it from all quarters, might find occasion to transmit, or wish to receive. These couriers or messengers were partly selected from amongst the better classes of the citizens of Paris, with the intent that when the communications with other parts were interrupted by hostilities, or the student did not receive remittances from home in due time, the messengers might assist him with pecuniary advances. This class was called the 'grands messagers,' or chief messengers. Their number was limited; and they were not required to leave their homes on any other errands than such as were given them by the masters or scholars of the diocese to which they were attached. The 'lesser' or ordinary messengers, who were despatched into the provinces, from whence they returned to Paris, are often styled 'flying messengers' (*nuncii volantes*) in the national records, as betokening the celerity which was expected to attend their motions. These individuals, whose caste was wholly distinct from that of the King's messengers, took charge of the correspondence of persons unconnected with the University; nor did the government interfere with the revenue which it derived from this source. The earliest documents referring to the privilege of such an establishment are a letter from Philip the Handsome, of the 27th of February, 1296, and Louis X. of the 2d July, 1315. The university-post was not united with the royal post-office until Louis XIV. farmed the revenue of both branches to Lazarus Patin, in 1672. It was conditional on this occasion, that a certain amount should be paid by him to the University; but his successor, Colombier, endeavoured by every pretext he could invent or allege to rid himself of its claim. Louis, however, in 1686, gave his decision in its favour; Colombier was forced to discharge the claim during the whole duration of his contract, and at its close the University received permission to farm its establishment at a higher sum, though it was required to contract with the farmer of the royal post. In 1698, the rate of sale had risen to 49,685 francs, (2,070*l.*); and, in 1716, the king augmented it to an annual sum of 60,000 francs, or 2,500*l.*

The University, still discontented with this valuation, submitted a remonstrance in the same year to the Duke of Orleans, who was regent during the minority of Louis XV., complaining of the restrictions which had been put upon them in the exercise of their ancient privileges, and urging him to fix the sum, to be annually paid them by the farmer-general of the post-office revenues, at 150,000 francs (6,200*l.*), unless he would allow them to farm their *messageries* on their own account. They did not omit to enforce their representations by reminding him that gratuitous instruction was afforded to young persons in all the Colleges of the University. This affair was a source of conflicting feelings on the Re-

gent's part; for though he was sensible that the occasion no longer called for the continuance of such an establishment, and that it was become irreconcileable with the altered and costly character of the public post-office, he was unwilling to curtail the University of its indisputable rights. The Duke having listened with attention to the arguments and proposals of the University, and taken the opinion of the Privy Council and Parliament upon them, on the 14th of April, 1719, Louis XV. promulgated a decision, countersigned by the Duke, and subscribed with the words, 'For such is our pleasure,' by which the *messageries* of the University were for ever abolished, and a twenty-eighth part of whatever sum the farming of the post-office revenues might produce, was assigned to it in the shape of a compensation.* This decision was accompanied by the following express stipulations:—We ordain, that, dating from the 1st of April in the present year, the instruction of youth shall be gratuitously undertaken in all the acting colleges of our said eldest daughter, the aforesaid University; prohibiting the regents of the said college, under any pretence whatever, from requiring any sort or kind of remuneration from their scholars; in defect of which gratuitous instruction, these presents shall be held void and of none effect. It is our will also, that if the said farmer of the posts and messagers shall make default in paying to the said faculty the one twenty-eighth part of the said general contract, the University shall stand repossessed of all its rights, and be entitled to exercise them in the fullest manner, by virtue of the before-recited decrees of our council and letters patent.'

If I have allowed myself, on this occasion, to enter more into detail than the object of your inquiry would seem to justify, I hope to stand excused on the score of the entire absence of any specific history of the establishment of posts. Nor can I refrain from flattering myself, that the miscellaneous, though partial notices which I have now furnished, will be found acceptable to every friend to topics connected with the progress of human civilization.

HUTTNER,
Postmaster-General, Leipzig.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

No. II.—MY FIRST GROUSE.

(Continued from page 968.)

At the time I am treating of, 'shooting flying' as it is technically called, was comparatively little attempted; it was, in fact, considered (notwithstanding the assertions of Scott† and others to the contrary) as a rare and difficult accomplishment, and those who succeeded in it were looked upon with a degree of wonder approaching to awe.

I was therefore not a little surprised when my uncle informed me, on presenting me with the gun which he and the gamekeeper had selected for me, from the armoury of the establishment (consisting, for the most part, of old, rusty, military pieces, which had been secreted during the search for arms after the rebellion in 1745, and had lain by ever since,) that he did not mean to countenance the practice of 'shooting sitting.' Having been used to shoot sea-fowl, which, even when on the water, are generally so tossed about as to afford fair practice, he had himself acquired considerable dexterity in bringing down birds from the wing—so much so at least, that he had incurred the odium of the old sportsmen in the neighbourhood, by whom he was jealously regarded as one who

* Oe puer puerique habitu sed corde sagaci
Æquabat senium atque astu superaverat annos.'

† The produce of this branch of the revenue was at that time 130,000*l.*, and the proportion of it accruing to the University amounted, therefore, to 4,640*l.* a year. It was enjoyed by the University until the breaking out of the French Revolution.

† Not he of Waverley, but William Henry Scott, author of a work entitled 'British Field Sports.'

and being of course imbued with a contempt for 'still-mark-sportsmen' proportionate to his skill, he was determined that I should not, as he elegantly expressed it, get into any such 'lubberly' habits.

To the enlarged ideas and enlightened example thus early presented to me, I owe the proud satisfaction of being able to affirm, (what few old fellows of my standing can boast,) that, with the exception of a hare which I chanced to espy squatting, and shot, in a hedge-popping excursion I once went in the neighbourhood of Windsor, (for which act of villainy I was, to my great surprise and no less indignation, nearly made to aby the penalties of a common poacher,) I never shot, fired, or aimed at any birds whatsoever, otherwise than on the wing, or any four-footed animal otherwise than running.* I may, and no doubt have, occasionally felt strongly tempted to fire at birds I have seen basking over a hedge, or running under a ridge of potatoes; but I repeat it proudly and unequivocally, I have never yielded, but have kept my integrity up to the present day, 10th January, 1829.

The gun which my uncle brought me was a large-bored single barrel, (large in those days, though it would be considered small now,) and he recommended me to employ myself for some time in handling it, and getting accustomed to its 'train and bearings.' This I was in no danger of neglecting: it was the first time I had ever had a gun in my hands without being liable to be called in question for the same; indeed, the only gun of any sort I had ever fired was a certain old musket, which was the means of my coming into collision with the laws as aforesaid.

After practising taking aim, and snapping the lock at a chimney, until I had satisfied myself that I was one of the best marksmen in the kingdom, I returned into the house, where I found my uncle and his attendant completing their arrangements for the following morning. On finding that they did not intend setting off till after breakfast, I remonstrated with all the vehemence of a person who knows nothing in the world about the subject of his remonstrances. In vain the gamekeeper assured me that 'we should haue walth o' time'; that, by starting earlier, we should only 'tire the dogs, puir bit beasties,' and render them useless during the afternoon, which was by far the most valuable time of the day. Nothing would convince me that, by beginning three hours earlier, we should not gain three additional hours' shooting; indeed, my own opinion was, as I told the gamekeeper, that we should be on the ground by the earliest light. 'Nae doot, nae doot,' answered he, laughing; and then, turning to my uncle, he added, 'I'm thinking, Sir, ye'll haue to gie him his ain gate for ance; I'se warrant he'll no be crawling sae croosely by this time the morn's night.' I did not understand the latter part of his speech, nor, as I found it had produced a favourable effect, did I stop to inquire; so, after a little more argument *de part et d'autre*, it was settled that we should meet half way, by breakfasting an hour earlier than had been intended. I was obliged to agree to this arrangement, though not quite to my satisfaction; and, having completed what else I had to do, I betook myself early to rest, that I might sleep off the fatigues of the journey, and be quite fresh for the bloody deeds I meditated for the morrow; but I was in such a state of feverish excitement, that all attempts to compose myself to sleep were for a long time fruitless; and when, at length, I fell into an uneasy slumber, it was only to be wakened with a start at each succeeding chime of the hall-clock, and to be disappointed again and again, on finding that it still wanted many hours till the time of rising.

The agreeable author of 'The Subaltern' describes his feelings on the evening previous (if I

* I mean, of course, no game, as I am still school boy enough to have a particular *penchant* for sparrow, lark, and rat shooting.

mistake not) to the storming of St. Sebastian, by likening them to those of a young sportsman on the eve of the 12th of August. Not having had the honour of being present at that memorable storm, and therefore having only tried one side of the question, I cannot venture to dispute the justice of the comparison; but, with all due deference to Mr. Glegg, I cannot help thinking that the advantage is greatly on the side of the sportsman; inasmuch as, in his case, the firing is all on one side, which, to any man except a professed fire-eater, (which I do not pretend to be, although I can put a bullet into a crown-piece as well as most men,) must, I should conceive, be rather a desideratum than otherwise.

The morn, the eventful morn, at length rose, and with it rose I. Every thing which took place on that day is as fresh in my memory as if it had happened but yesterday. It was one of those grey, misty, uncertain-looking mornings which are so common in Scotland, and which puzzle the predictions of the ablest weather-prophets. My uncle could, as he said, have confidently predicted a day of continued wet, had he been at sea, but did not pretend to be learned in inland weather-signs. The gamekeeper was in doubt, and I in despair.

My uncle insisted on waiting till we should see how it would turn out, as it would, he said, (partly, I suspect, to provoke me,) be nothing short of madness to go, if it should set in for a day of rain. However, about six o'clock, the clouds having rather cleared off, I prevailed upon him to despatch his breakfast and start; and much was I rejoiced when we, i. e. my uncle, myself, the gamekeeper, and the two pointers, were once fairly embarked in a nondescript kind of vehicle he termed his dog-cart, and so secure from any change of plans.

Our way lay, for a short distance, along the high road; after which, we diverged into a wild and romantic glen, surrounded with mountains, on whose summits the mist still continued to roll heavily. The road itself was such as would have appalled the stout heart of any southern Jehu,—rough and stony, with deep ruts, and so narrow as to bring our vehicle frequently on the very verge of the precipitous descent into the stream below, varied occasionally by the deep-worn channels of the mountain-torrents which intersected it in several places, and which we crossed by bridges, narrow as that leading to the Mohammedan paradise, but differing therefrom, inasmuch as we experienced no accession of comforts on the other side, and built, like most Scotch bridges, at a sharp angle from the steep descent that leads to them.

While this continued, I was, I confess, in so unpleasant a state of mind, by reason of my latter end being brought so continually and so obtrusively before my eyes, that I almost forgot for the moment the object of our journey; and it was only when, on turning into a less frequented but smoother track, that led up among the hills, we got rid of our rock-bound purgatory, that I became sufficiently at my ease to express my surprise at the utter recklessness with which my uncle continued his course, whatever difficulties were opposed to us, and the perfect nonchalance with which he and the gamekeeper, who were both sitting on the seat before me, continued their conversation about the probability of the weather holding up, the likelihood of a breeze, the strength of the scent, &c. &c., at times when I should have thought that occasional ejaculations from the 'Prayers to be used at Sea' would have been much more to the purpose. They were much amused at my fears, which were, they said, wholly groundless. As for the road, 'it was capital, better, indeed, than they had known it for years;' and, as for the rate of travel, my uncle 'would never be such a lubber as to take in canvas till he was sure of a squall coming.'

As my remonstrances were of non-effect, I

found it my best way to keep, as Hajji Baba expresses it, 'the tongue of silence within the lips of necessity,' and let them take their own way, which they did for a short time longer; till the road (by courtesy so called) stopped at the shepherd's cottage, where we were to put up our horse. This duty being despatched, we proceeded to business.

The first step to be taken was to ascend a steep hill some two thousand feet high, which directly fronted us, and from the top of which we were to start. Notwithstanding the gamekeeper's entreaties that I would 'take it easy,' I was so eager to get to work that I began the ascent at a rate which, to a person of any experience in hill climbing, would have made the time of my arrival at the top extremely doubtful; the consequence was, that before I had proceeded above a hundred yards, I was seized with a stitch in the side, which compelled me to lie down, and was a lesson to me to take advice in future.

When we were about half way up, I was startled (being still rather in advance of the others) by the rising of an old cock-grouse about a hundred yards before me, and immediately afterwards the hen, with a covey of six or eight nearly full-grown poult, followed his example. Here was an encouraging prospect. 'Hech, Sirs,' exclaimed the gamekeeper, 'who ever saw the like o' that? the wild de'il's! od, if they're a like that, we shall gie' but a puir account of the muir-fowl the year.' However, as no exclamation could avail us any thing, we continued our ascent of the hill Difficulty, and, after one or two rests, arrived at the top.

Here a scene of extraordinary splendour awaited us.

[To be continued.]

A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCUSSION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — College, Cambridge.

SITTING by my fire last night, at the awful hour of twelve, and amusing myself with endeavouring to discover what a man thinks of when he is thinking of nothing, I was on a sudden startled by a loud knock at my door, and in marched the identical Diable Boiteux of Le Sage. Feeling myself strongly armed against all demons by the operation of a forced chapel attendance during the preceding week, I, of course, entertained no alarm at such a visit, but placed the little gentleman snugly in my easy-chair, and invited him to follow my example in smoking a Havannah cigar. He declined this very civilly, and entered into conversation on the common topics which he supposed me to be interested in, such as the approaching struggle for honours here, the pantomimes, the French Theatre, and, though last not least, the change which it is reported 'The Westminster Review' is about to undergo, a change as great as that from a grub to a butterfly. On my expressing great curiosity about this, the little fellow said, that if I were disposed for a walk, he would show me something worth seeing. I complied, and putting an old cap and gown on the demon, for fear of meeting the proctors, we sallied forth. We had not travelled long before we found ourselves in a house in the vicinity of Queen's-square, Westminster, in a room. Oh, Mr. Editor, how shall I describe that room! It was nothing in the actual, scarce like any thing in the possible, world. It was like the secret apartment in Dionysius's ear at Gorgon, as that might formerly have been; or like the central chamber of the Penitentiary at Millbank, as that ought to have been. It was obviously suited for every present and future purpose: perhaps you can feel what sort of a room it was. Well, Sir, and in this room were three persons: one a youth; another a pale, tall, melancholy-looking man, with a Scotch expression in his face, absorbed in contemplation; another equally Scotch in his appearance, but rather more practical. I soon perceived that the first and third of

these stood in the relation of pupil and preceptor (I ought, perhaps, rather to say disciple and philosopher) to each other. The conversation which ensued between these gentlemen, as far as I can recollect it, I here transmit to you.

Philosopher I.—Well, child, what do the public say to the new scheme? Have you been to Mr. —? What does he say?

Disciple.—The public, Sir, are all agape with expectation. They look for the first 'good thing' of the — as an astronomer does for the expected return of a comet.—Who is to lead the forlorn hope, Sir? Mr. — thinks it would be advisable to buy something from Blackwood or the author of 'Paul Pry' just for a beginning. At any rate, he says you will never be able to satisfy the craving of the public, unless you hold out some additional inducements to your correspondents.

Philosopher I.—Pooh! Mr. — is too much on the extensive. What do you think, B—?

Philosopher II.—Decidedly. Demand will soon create supply. In all branches of operative industry, artificial advantages, in the shape of bounties, are generally found injurious. Capital will naturally flow into those channels in which there—

Philosopher I.—Besides, facetiousness, if too generally and too suddenly introduced, will tend to throw many very useful talents out of cultivation. There's —, who wrote the papers on Special Juries, is quite neglecting his law studies for 'Joe Miller.' In his new course he is not quite so happy. He made three puns the other day, which I was obliged to ask him to explain, and read me an epigram that seemed wonderfully inconclusive.

Philosopher II.—In the early stages of a work of humour, jokes have a tendency to increase in a geometric ratio, readers in an arithmetic: but there is this peculiarity in the law of publications, that, after all the intellects of the writers have been cultivated up to the highest point of perfection, (there being at that moment a maximum of readers,) both readers and jokes fall off with equal rapidity. Both of these circumstances are evils. More wit than consumers is fearful: neither wit nor consumers is tremendous. Perhaps, by a preventive check on the fecundity of intellect in the first instance, we might attain to some means of counterbalancing the positive check in the other. Now, preventive checks resolve themselves into, first, withholding of payment—

[Printer's Devil enters with a MS., as if in haste.]

Printer's Devil.—Sir! Here is Mr. —, of the Temple, has sent an article on Mr. Montgomery's 'Vision of Hell,' as a specimen of the light style.

Philosopher I.—(takes and reads)—Phoo! 'Tis his old article on prison discipline with a few jokes sprinkled in between. The rascal has the impudence to ask twenty guineas for it, and to demand instant payment. We will offer him twenty shillings for the wit alone—eh?

Philosopher II.—I am quite of your opinion. It would be better to secure a supply of the raw material and work it up at home. The strength of the review, I think, lies in manufactures.

Disciple.—It is expected, I hear, Sir, that some theory of poetry will be laid down by us, previously to our passing any censure or praise on living authors. Have you thought at all on the subject?

Philosopher I.—Thought? 'Gad, yes. I have been reading Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' quite agree with him; expediency, the grand principle here as elsewhere. Mark you, he is speaking of play-writers; he says

'Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ'— that is, 'they either aim at increasing the sum of human happiness by the indirect method of superinducing habits of frugality, industry, and mo-

* I speak *Scotice*: what they call 'mist,' we call rain; what they call fog, we call moss; and what they call moss, we call bog.

ral restraint, which, of course, are favourable to the accumulation of capital, and hence to human comfort; or, by the direct method of producing immediate pleasure-taking care, however, that the enjoyment of this pleasure shall not trench upon the enjoyments of others, so as to render person or property insecure.'

Disciple.—I was in the Editor of 'The Atheneum's' room the other morning, and while there, happened to cast my eye on a passage in a book that was lying open with a leaf turned down. As well as I can recollect, it ran thus:—"The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind."

Philosopher I.—Pooh! Jacob Behmenite!

Philosopher II.—Platonic jargon!

Disciple.—Ay, ay, mystical trash, I am quite aware! I only repeated it to manifest the infinite superiority of your definition.

Philosopher I.—What has been said of the Newtonian system may be said with equal justice of the theory of the — Review. Its simplicity is an evidence of its truth.

Disciple.—So I told S—, and he said, "Cutting a knot to pieces is the simplest way of untiring it—a complete evidence that it is the true method."

Philosopher I.—A mere scoffer!—(*Philosopher II.* during this time is rummaging the bookshelves.)—I would undertake in half an hour to convince any man possessing an ounce of sense of the truth of the selfish system, and to give him through that a key to all human actions—all human thoughts.

Philosopher II.—(*Reading to himself.*)—'Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me: you would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my mystery: you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent music, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.' Why, A—, what's this? 'The Book of Fallacies' used to stand here. I was getting it down to find an answer to—

Philosopher I.—'The Book of Fallacies'? O yes! Why you know, as the character of the review is to be more literary, I thought I had better get a Shakespeare and some of the standards to stand on my shelf. But, B—, we want a motto for the new series: Have you got one?

Disciple.—Oh, do you know, Sir, I think, from what you have just said, it necessarily follows that our new review will be a poem, and a first-rate one.

Philosopher I.—A poem? 'Gad, I am glad to hear it. I did not think there was any thing very poetical about me, but I do sometimes feel a sort of a — sort of a —

Philosopher II.—Ay? well, I, twenty years ago, wrote an elegy on 'Rent and Wages,' which a young lady thought very funny, and preferred to the 'Paradise Lost.'

Philosopher I.—How do you make the case out, child?

Disciple.—Why, Sir, Horace, as you have just quoted him, says, 'that the aim of a poet is to instruct or please.' Now, the — Review has been instructing mankind in the essence of all human knowledge since its first institution, (if they would but open their eyes to their own interest, which Mr. Mill says they always will; therefore I suppose they have;) and now, Sir, it is preparing to please them, which completes the idea of a poet.

Philosopher II.—Granted so far: but where is the metre? Where are the rhymes?

Disciple.—Oh, Sir, but the mystics themselves confess that there may exist poets 'lacking the accomplishment of verse.'

Philosopher I.—Egad, the — review will demonstrably be a poetical work.

Philosopher II.—Demonstrably! and the maxim which forms the foundation of our aesthetic criticism, seems admirably adapted for a motto:

Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare Poetae.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit UTILE DULCI.

Philosopher I.—Ay, ay; but we must translate; for, thank God, the readers of the — Review do not generally waste themselves on the unproductive study of the dead languages. Try the mettle of your ancient Pegasus.

Philosopher II.—Behold!

Or to instruct or please his kind,
Inclines the true-born poet's mind;
'Twas thine, O — ! the lucky hit,
To mix utility and wit.

At this effusion, Mr. Editor, there was a sudden apparition of the ghost of Helvetius, much pleasure depicted in his countenance: the phantom, after about five minutes, exploded with a loud crack; and when I recovered from the surprise occasioned by such a phenomenon, I found myself on my own sofa, and just caught a glimpse of Le Diable retreating through the door. Farewell. I am your's (in hopes you will interpret this vision)

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

A FIRE IN HOLBORN.

THERE was a brightness along the whole line of the south-eastern horizon. It was not that steady blaze that glorifies the rising or the setting sun, or that sometimes is discerned by the traveller after dark, as the illumination sent up by a thousand lights of some great city before him. It was quivering, restless, and unlimited; it was the hell-flame of a hideous conflagration.

I hurried from the room, whose windows commanded a view of this fiery sign, and, following its direction, reached, at length, the scene of disaster. In a nook of the street, half sheltered by a projecting line of buildings in its front, a mass of fire, now condensed, now broken into spires and curves of separate flame, was shooting towards the sky. The ground-floor seemed already overspread. Through its windows and openings, at every instant multiplied, the fire came forth, and blazed and triumphed. There were two figures standing but a little way above its present limits, supplicating aid,—but hopelessly. They were saved,—not too soon, for, in another instant, the enemy had gained another bad eminence, lifting its proud head, and roaring with menaces to all above and around it. I saw a boy crawling like a cat upon the summit of the building that was in this jeopardy; he seemed likely to become another Enceladon; but he saved himself by a leap and a minute.

There was nothing to check or divert the injury. The house was an old one, and full of combustible stores; and, before a single stream of water was brought to play upon it, down fell the roof between its now tottering walls, and buried for ever were the implements and gains of labour; the inanimate things that were dear to many, the objects whence arose a hundred hopes and pleasant thoughts to their ruined masters.

How wonderful a revolution springs up from this falling of a spark! Set aside the whole structure of the whole mind of the immediate sufferers at once levelled and uprooted,—see the commotion of all others, however little involved! Here is a string of neighbours hurrying to and fro, and transporting the goods and moveables of some other tenement that may in time be reached; there are standing one or two of the owners of such goods, doubtful, and in terrible excitement; on the opposite pavement is heaped a wilderness of spectators, gazing, more or less intently, on the one spectacle. Now you hear the rattle of

iron wheels, and the shouts of bystanders announce a fresh fire-engine. Bravely, boys! No stint! No fears! It must yield soon.

At all those windows, however far removed from the site of the accident, not one,—is it an illiberal presumption?—then, scarcely one human creature is looking out but with personal calculations of the hazard that may yet fall on him. Below, whatever tribes and varieties are there clustered together, you will hear little of true sympathy for the injured; much of self-congratulation and egotistical wisdom. A poor woman stood, in tears, on some house-steps not far off; a man, her husband, was trying to console her. They had been lodgers in the building that was now in ashes, and their all was buried under them. One, more benevolent than the rest, was addressing her from other motives than those of curiosity. She told the circumstances of her escape, as far as she could collect them from the chaos of her recollections, but the narration was broken by tears, and she seemed almost unconscious of the reality. They had been startled in bed by the watchman, but not supposing the danger to be at their door, had delayed to take warning till the flames themselves assured them of their peril. Neither could exactly recount the entire mode of escape. But her thoughts were all bewildered by the severity of their loss. 'Let us go,' he said to her, 'let us go to your sister's. We can do no good here.'

'It's all the same,' she answered, sobbing loudly; 'we've no home now!'

The words were followed by a movement in the thickly-hedged mass of people, occasioned by the forcible advance of a pie-vender, who hustled through them, right merrily, at the fine opportunity for his speculations. 'Beef-steak pie, veal-pie, kidneys! All hot! all hot!' He jostled against the houseless woman: it was a jubilee to him!

The more serious remarks, if any such fell from the spectators, were not more consolatory. One would exclaim against negligent servants; a second against old houses; a third against combustible property, and so on; all very sagacious, but rather too late to afford remedy.

'Will it reach the broker's house, I wonder?' asked a pert voice, with a mongrel feeling, in which was comprised much fear least the exhibition should be soon terminated.

'Ah! there goes the poor old shop! I'm sorry for it; 'twas a good shop, and kept good liquors; but nothing's sure. I could always almost get a drop there for nothing, and I don't know who'll give me a thimble of gin, now Mr. Smith's had this misfortune.' It was a wretched giggling creature, in dirty rags, whose consciousness of her own loss was scarcely vivid enough to eclipse her enjoyment of the fun and bustle and noise thus created:

'The tender for another's woes,
Th' unfeeling for his own.'

It is not here that disinterested pity can be expected. Then, where else? In those trolloping miserable women, scarce conscious of the blessings of a home, or the curse of its destruction, whose assembling here is a pleasant variation from their long and lonely wanderings in the darkness of night, to whom a crowd must always mean a holiday, and excitement indicate gain? Or in the drunken devil reeling up and down amongst them, and muttering vile jokes upon the terror and misery he contemplates? Or in the rival of him whose cellars and roofs are now commingled,—the publican who sees alone in the disaster an occasion for much immediate gain and future aggrandisement? Or in those lady-bystanders who are angry with the firemen for making the streets so wet? Or in the complement of the crowd, who stare unfeelingly, or with entertainment, or even listen to the brutes about them as they bandy here and there a set of wicked witticisms upon the heat of the tenants and their own cold; and 'how well the Miss Powells, of the

neighbouring straw-bonnet shop, look in their night-caps ; and that 'the burning spirit will soon move the Methodist Chapel in the back ground ; and that 'Little Turnstile will be the greater of the two before day-break,' &c. ?

Reader, wander with me through such a crowd, all wondering at the chasm so soon, so terribly made by the hand of the destroyer, and judge by what thou seest if misery have a helmate.

FOREIGN NOTICES.

AUSTRIAN NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES.—We observe, from the official returns of this branch, that the infantry of the Austrian army consists of twenty battalions of grenadiers, fifty-eight regiments of the line (each of three battalions), seventeen regiments of frontier troops of two battalions each, one rifle regiment of three battalions, and twelve battalions of independent Jägers, and five garrison battalions. Its cavalry comprises eight regiments of cuirassiers of six squadrons each, six regiments of dragoons of similar strength, seven regiments of light-horse of eight squadrons each, and twelve regiments of hussars, and four regiments of Uhlan, of the same strength. The artillery, independently of a numerous corps for garrison service, comprehends five regiments of field-artillery, one corps of bombardiers, and one corps of artificers ; which last includes a rocket establishment, brought for the first time into useful action in the campaign against Naples. The corps of engineers is abundantly supplied with officers, and composed, of one battalion each, of pioneers, miners, sappers, and pontooners. Under this head may be placed the battalion of Czaikiats. To the preceding catalogue must be added the corps of police, including the regiment of Gens d'Armes in Lombardy, the frontier cordons of Bohemia, Austria, Styria, Moravia, Silesia, and Galicia, and the police-corps of Vienna.

All the regiments of the line, with the exception of those of Hungary and Italy, possess two *Landwehr* (militia) battalions, in addition to their regular strength.

The naval department, the head quarters of which is placed at Venice, contains, independently of inferior officers, four captains of frigates, and four captains of sloops ; and comprises a battalion of marines, a corps of marine artillery, and engineers and sailors.

The land forces are commanded by ten field-marshals ; eighteen attached, and nine unattached, generals of cavalry ; sixty-seven attached, and thirty unattached, lieutenant-generals ; and one hundred and eighteen attached, and ninety-two unattached, major-generals.

CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—We consider the following extract from the 3d vol. of 'The Transactions of the Moscow Physico-Medical Society,' as worthy of the attention and inquiries of our medical friends. After observing that the boils which arise beneath the tongue of a patient stricken with hydrophobia, are not symptoms of so important a character as many practitioners assign to them, Mr. Rittmeister, of Paulofsk, thus proceeds :

'Having once ascertained the extraordinary effects of warm blood as a preservative against the usual loathing for water, I have applied these means in thirty different instances, and have not failed in a single one of them. A boy, severely lacerated by the attack of a mad dog, was brought to me, amongst others ; for three successive days I administered to him the warm blood of a fowl, diluted with a small quantity of warm wine, and repeated the dose once in each of the three succeeding weeks. When this species of treatment is pursued, the wounds themselves do not stand in need of any particular attention, though, in this case of the boy, I kept them open, by means of the powder of cantharides, for the space of four weeks. The boy's health continued, throughout, perfect and unimpaired.'

'It may be necessary to observe, that the blood congeulates when left in a cold vessel. I find it advisable, therefore, to pour a table-spoonful of any

weak wine, or even brandy, into a tea-cup, bring the wine into a tepid state by immersing the cup in hot water, and then let the blood flow from the animal into the wine, stirring the mixture carefully with a hot spoon, until the tea-cup be half full ; and then the patient must swallow it instantly. A little water may be taken afterwards for the purpose of rinsing the mouth.'

The medical correspondent who supplies the foregoing extract, endeavours to explain the 'rationale' of the discovery in these terms : 'The canine venom is an animal poison, and capable of being transferred, by inoculation, from one animal substance to another ; but it will always conjoin itself most readily with that substance with which it stands in closest consanguinity or relation. The poison of the *rabies canina* has, therefore, a greater predisposition to unite with the blood of a dog, or other animal, than with human blood, because it stands in closer affinity to the bloods of animals than men. This is but another exemplification of the *'similis simili gaudet.'* In conformity with this theory, the animal poison flies from human matter so soon as it is offered the more attractive means of conjunction with animal blood ; and, if it have not had time to inoculate the human substance too deeply, it will at once transfer itself to that with which it possesses a greater degree of affinity.' Our correspondent professes his entire faith in this valuable discovery, if adopted in the incipient state of the disease, and adds his determination to apply it in the first case of hydrophobia which comes under his notice.

NETHERLANDS UNIVERSITIES.—The United Kingdom of the Netherlands contains six of these institutions, the most ancient of which is that of Louvain ; and the following is a list of the sums appropriated to their maintenance for the year 1828-1829, by the national exchequer, viz. :

Louvain . . .	FL 120,000 or £10,000
Liege . . .	70,000 — 5,830
Ghent . . .	70,000 — 5,830
Leyden . . .	80,000 — 6,660
Utrecht . . .	70,000 — 5,830
Groningen . . .	70,000 — 5,830

FL 480,000 — £39,980

To each University are attached a library, a botanical garden, a cabinet of natural history, a chemical laboratory, an hospital, an anatomical amphitheatre, and dissecting rooms.

The numbers of the students at the University of Louvain were, in the years

	1826-1827.	1827-1828.
Medicine	77	87
Law	163	179
Philosophy	119	97
Philosophical College	193	249
History, &c.	68	79
	620	691

The other universities have experienced an increase by no means inferior to that of Louvain, which, as well as the other northern schools, has no faculty for theology. The 'Collegium Philosophicum,' established in 1825, is, in some respects, a substitute, its object being to prepare young men, destined for the Roman Catholic Church, for admission into the Episcopal seminaries. Though violently opposed by the Pope and Catholic hierarchy, its progress has been extremely gratifying.

SAXE-WEIMAR.—This grand-duchy possesses a population of 226,000 souls ; of which the town of Eisenach contains 8,200 ; Ilmenau, 2,400 ; Jena, 5,200 ; and Weimar, 9,800. The Protestant clergy are 335 in number, and officiate in 519 churches ; and the Catholic in 10 parish-churches, 7 churches of ease, and 6 chapels.

The government of this little state is administered by the Grand Duke, with the assistance of three privy councillors ; and it will scarcely be credited, that its Court establishment comprises a grand master of the ceremonies, a lord chamberlain, a master of the horse, a grand marshal, forty

chamberlains, six grooms of the chamber, five pages, six body physicians and surgeons, and five court-apothecaries !

The University of Jena averages about 650 students per annum, and possesses a library of more than 100,000 volumes.

RUSSIA.—*Mines of the Ural Mountains.*—From the report made by M. D'Engelhardt, Professor of Mineralogy at the University of Dorpat, who has very recently returned from a long exploratory journey in these districts, it appears that the Ural mines have yielded the following produce during the year 1827 :

	Pds.	lbs.	sol.
To the Crown,.....	89	29	53 45-96
To individuals,.....	192	10	49
	282	0	6 45-96
In all, of pure gold, or 148,375 oz. English ; value 579,000.			

	2	7	25
To the Crown,.....	23	23	40
	25	30	65
In all, of platina, or 13,557 oz. English ; value 5,700.			

Platina Currency.—The great quantity of platina raised from these mines, has induced the Emperor Nicholas to employ it in coining a currency, which his subjects are at full liberty to circulate or refuse, as they think proper. The coin issued under these circumstances is to be equivalent to three silver roubles, or about nine shillings and sixpence, and will be a little larger than the French one-franc piece, and approximating to the size of an English shilling. As this is but an experiment, the first issue will be trifling in extent. Individual proprietors of mines are allowed to send their platina to be coined at the government mint, and will, consequently, assist in forwarding an experiment, which, if it should succeed, may hereafter form an important branch of Russian revenue.

There are six royal copper mines in the same district, and one in the Altai mountains, which together produce about 840 tons of copper annually. The produce of the private mines varies from 1850 to 2560 tons a-year for the whole empire. The royalty on this produce is thirteen per cent.

The quantity of iron run from the produce of whole of the mines in Russia, both royal and private, averages annually about 150,000 tons. This metal pays a similar rate of royalty with copper.

GENEVA.—*Duration of Human Life.*—We have seen some recent calculations of the average duration of human life in this city during the last two hundred years, which appear to afford a gratifying proof, that as science and civilization advance, the term of our mortal career receives a corresponding prolongation. The following is the result of the calculations to which we allude :

Period.	Average of Life.
1560-1600	18 years 5 months
1601-1700	23 — 5 —
1701-1760	32 — 8 —
1761-1800	33 — 7 —
1801-1814	38 — 6 —
1815-1826	38 — 10 —

Diamond produced from Carbon.—In the sitting of the Parisian Academy of Sciences, of the 10th of November last, M. Arago submitted a communication from M. Cagnard-Latour, a chemist, in which he affirms that he succeeded in crystallizing portions of carbon, so as to obtain the substance called 'diamonds,' that his process differs from that pursued by M. Gannal ; and that a sealed packet, which was deposited with the secretary in 1824, contains the details of his first operations. M. Arago added, that he knew another party who had obtained similar results ; and M. Gay-Lussac asserted that M. Gannal had conversed with him on the subject of his essays, at various times, for more than eight years past.

MR. BUCKINGHAM.

MR. BUCKINGHAM is now delivering a course of lectures at Liverpool, which, we observe, from the newspapers published in that town, have attracted, and continue to attract, great attention. With the main object of his visit, which is to excite a feeling in the great commercial towns against the continuance of the East India Company's charter, we have no concern—for Indian and English politics lie equally out of our province. We, therefore, shall merely extract a passage from the Liverpool 'Times,' which gives an account of his lectures upon the literature and manners of the oriental nations.

Mr. Buckingham's first Lecture on the Countries of the East.—Mr. Buckingham delivered his first lecture on the Countries of the East, at the Music-Hall, last evening, to an audience of great number, and of the highest respectability. The range of subjects was so extensive that it is impossible for us to comprise, within any moderate compass, more than a mere enumeration of the heads of the discourse. After an introduction, in which Mr. Buckingham stated the motives which led him to this undertaking, and the object he had to accomplish thereby, in awakening the people of England to a sense of the importance of a free intercourse with India and China, he proceeded to describe the geography of Egypt; its extraordinary position, as consisting merely of one long continued valley, whose fertility depended entirely on its being the alluvial deposit of the Nile; its remarkable antiquities, especially at Alexandria, Memphis, Tentyra, and Thebes, with a description of the Pyramids, the great Sphynx, and the colossal statue of Memnon, still erect in the plain of Thebes; the peculiarities of its climate, in its being exempt from rain in the upper provinces of the country, the Etesian winds, the Sioum of the desert, &c. Mr. Buckingham then gave a detailed account of the animal, vegetable, and mineral productions of Egypt; numbering among the first, the camel, the buffalo, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus; among the second, the date, the pomegranate, rice, sugar, cotton, flax, and indigo; and among the third, the emerald and the porphyry of the ancients. The population of Egypt he described as consisting of Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Jews; of each of which he gave the leading characteristics; and of their religion, government, and commerce, he also gave the outline-features. The most interesting part of the Lecture, in a general point of view, was, however, the detail of the singular manners and customs of the Egyptians, their betrothings, marriages, polygamy, funerals, feasts, pleasures, music, poetry, language, &c., the contrast of which with our own habits and feelings, added much to the impression it was calculated to make.

From Egypt Mr. Buckingham passed on to Arabia, following nearly the same course in the division of his subjects, and including in it descriptions of the Red Sea, of Suez, Jeddah, Mocha, Mecca, and Medina, with an account of the Wahabees, the primitive manners of the Desert Tribes in their wandering camps: and much that we may remember with pleasure from its illustrations of scriptural and historical associations. —The Lecture abounded in matter of the most interesting nature, exciting equally the astonishment and gratification of the audience. Perhaps the most interesting circumstance of the whole, was the very fact of a traveller so enterprising, intelligent, and celebrated as Mr. Buckingham, describing, in a manner peculiarly frank, animated, and pleasing, the scenes he had passed through, and the events he had witnessed. The audience, amongst whom were many of our first merchants and our best-informed men, besides a considerable number of ladies, were delighted with the lecture, and frequently interrupted Mr. Buckingham with testimonies of applause.—*Liverpool Times of Tuesday.*

FRACTURES CURED WITHOUT LAMENESS.

Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Fractures, &c., showing that they admit of being united, so as to restore the Natural Powers of the Limb, without Deformity or Lameness, &c. &c. &c. By Joseph Amesbury, Consulting Surgeon of the Royal United Association; Surgeon to the South London Dispensary; Lecturer on Surgery, &c. Pp. 305. 8vo. Plates. London, 1818.

Some of our readers may recollect, that a few years ago, Mr. Wallack, of Drury Lane Theatre, had his leg severely fractured, in consequence of the upsetting of a coach, between New York and Philadelphia; that he came over to Britain, seven months afterwards, with

his limb all but destroyed by the American surgeons; and that he made his appearance at Vauxhall, quite convalescent, a few days after his arrival, and was altogether cured in about six weeks. This remarkable cure was performed by M. Amesbury, upon the recommendation of Sir Astley Cooper, whom Mr. Wallack consulted on his case.

This case we have selected as a preface to our review, on account of its notoriety, and to show, that though Mr. Amesbury does every thing short of performing miracles in his novel treatment of fractures, yet he employs no mystery, no quackery, but proceeds on philosophical principles, derived from physiology and mechanics. In the common mode of treating fractures, the cure is very frequently prevented, by the two ends of the fractured bone, being moveable, grating upon one another, and consequently rubbing off the newly formed portions, as soon as they are produced by nature to effect an union. By Mr. Amesbury's method, the two ends of the bone are rendered quite immovable, and are kept firm in their place, till a new layer of bone grows between to unite them. In Mr. Wallack's case, for example, he never felt the least motion of the fractured bones from the moment Mr. Amesbury's apparatus was applied; but while his limb was encased in the American apparatus he frequently felt the broken ends of the bone grate upon each other.—P. 277.

The following case is no less striking. A man, aged 27, had his right arm broken across the middle, and was unsuccessfully treated by Sir Astley Cooper, in Guy's Hospital, for ten months. He still felt the yielding and motion in the fracture, which were evident when the limb was examined. I was now (May 11th, 1822) present when Sir Astley Cooper examined the fracture, and told the man that the only chance left, was for him to submit to an operation. I requested Sir Astley to allow me to try the effect of the apparatus, which I have described, for fractures of the humerus, before he proceeded to operate, to which he politely consented. The apparatus was applied, and the man was directed to carry the arm in a short sling. The broken ends of the bone were pressed strongly together for six weeks; and, at the expiration of this time, the apparatus was taken off, and the bone was found firmly united, and as straight as the other.—P. 242.

Without figures we could not hope to render any description of Mr. Amesbury's apparatus intelligible; but those who are interested in the subject will find ample satisfaction in the author's volume. One of the most remarkable things in the book, is the professional *bienveillance* or rather *bienveillance*, exhibited towards the author by Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Travers, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Green, &c., who all recommend Mr. Amesbury, and put unmanageable cases under his care, although his great aim, in the work before us, as well as in the magazines, papers, &c., which he has formerly published, is to demonstrate the inadequacy of their methods of treatment, and the advantage of his own. With this fact before us, independent altogether of the unquestionable success of his apparatus, we must say that Mr. Amesbury appears to be a man of no ordinary talents and address.

The Glacier of Boisson.—This glacier, like that of Montanvert, comes close to the vale, overhanging the green meadows and the dark woods with the dazzling whiteness of its precipices and pinnacles, which are like spires of radiant chrystral, covered with a net-work of frosted silver. These glaciers flow perpetually into the valley, ravaging in their slow but irresistible progress the pastures and the forests which surround them, performing a work of desolation in ages, which a river of lava might accomplish in an hour, but far more irretrievably; for where the ice has once descended the hardest plant refuses to grow; if even, as in some extraordinary instances, it should recede after its progress has once commenced. The glaciers perpetually move onward, at the rate of a foot each day, with a motion that commences at the spot where, on the boundaries of perpetual congelation, they are produced by the freezing of the waters which arise from the partial melting of the eternal snows. They drag with them, from the regions whence they derive their origin, all the ruins of the mountain, enormous rocks, and immense accumulations of sand and stones. These are driven onwards by the irresistible stream of solid ice; and when they arrive at a declivity of the mountain sufficiently rapid, roll down, scattering ruin. I saw one of these rocks, which had descended in the spring, (winter here is the season of silence and safety,) which measured forty feet in every direction. The verge of a glacier, like that of Boisson, presents

the most vivid image of desolation which it is possible to conceive. No one dares to approach it, for the enormous pinnacles of ice which perpetually fall, are perpetually reproduced. The pines of the forest which bound it at an extremity are overthrown and shattered to a wide extent at its base. There is something inexpressibly dreadful in the aspect of the few branchless trunks, which, nearest to the ice-rifts, still stand in the uprooted soil. The meadows perish, overwhelmed with sand and stones. Within the last year these glaciers have advanced three hundred feet into the valley. Saussure, the naturalist, says, that they have their periods of increase and decay. The people of the country hold an opinion entirely different, but, as I judge, more probable. It is agreed by all, that the snow on the summit of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring mountains perpetually augments, and that ice, in the form of glaciers, subsists without melting in the valley of Chamonix, during its transient and variable summer. If the snow which produces this barrier must augment, and the heat of the valley is no obstacle to the perpetual existence of such masses of ice as have already descended in it, the consequence is obvious; the glaciers must augment, and will subside, at least until they have overflowed this vale. I will not pursue Buffon's sublime but gloomy theory, that this globe which we inhabit will at some future period be changed into a mass of frost by the encroachments of the polar ice, and of that produced on the most elevated points of the earth. Do you, who assert the supremacy of Ahriman, imagine him throned among these desolating snows, among these palaces of death and frost, so sculptured in this their terrible magnificence by the adamantine hand of necessity, and that he casts around him, as the first essays of his final usurpation, avalanches, torrents, rocks, and thunders, and, above all, these deadly glaciers, at once the proof and symbols of his reign; add to this, the degradation of the human species, who, in these regions, are half-deformed or idiotic, and most of whom are deprived of anything that can excite interest or admiration. This is a part of the subject more mournful and less sublime, but such as neither the poet nor the philosopher should disdain to regard.

English at Florence.—The number of English at Florence is greater this year than usual; but there is little or no union in the society, which is divided into small sets. There are two rival theatres: that of Lord Normanby, which still goes on; and that of Lord Burghersh, got up originally and ostensibly for the purpose of exhibiting an opera of the composition of his Lordship, which has succeeded very well. It is not confined, however, to musical representations, as Lady Burghersh has availed herself of the opportunity to get up 'The School for Scandal,' in which she herself performs, with Lord Douro and Mr. Cornwall; this it is expected, is only the commencement of a series of plays, and it is supposed her Ladyship will not be disposed to abandon the amusement after the first experiment.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Sailors and Saints, by the author of 'The Naval Sketch Book', 3 vols., post 8vo., 14. 11s. 6d.
The Ellis Correspondence, edited by the Honourable George The Ellis, 2 vols., 8vo., 11. 8s.
Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, &c., translated from the French, vol. 2, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Sabbath Meditations for 1820, by the Rev. John East, A. M. 3s. Ed.
Christian Souvenir, 32mo., 3s. 6d.
Essays on Universal Analogy, 8vo., Essay 1, Section 2, 8s.
Mousley's Plain Sermons, 12mo., 5s.
Mance's Sermons, 12mo., 6s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temp. at 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.	Therm.		Barom.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	Jan.	A.M. P.M.	at Noon.			
Mon.	53	32	29. 36	N.E.	Snow.	Cirrostratus
Tues.	62	33	29. 73	N.	Clear.	Ditto.
Wed.	73	36	29. 78	N.E.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Thur.	81	32	29. 72	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Frid.	96	34	29. 60	N.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat.	1034	34	29. 40	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun.	1129	312	29. 62	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.

Highest temperature at noon, 36°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Perigee on Wednesday.
 Venus 10 digits E.; illuminated on ditto; apparent diam. 12°. Sun's semi-diameter on Sunday, 16° 17' plus.
 Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 19° 26' in Sagitt. Jupiter's ditto ditto 6° 42' in Sagitt. Saturn's ditto ditto 1° 40' in Leo. Sun's ditto ditto 31° 6' in Cap. Length of day on Sunday, 8 h. 6 min. Increased, 22 min. Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2° 32' plus. Logarithms num. of distance, 9.99785.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,
No. VI.,
will be published in a few days.

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London: Published by C. Knight, 13, Pall-Mall East; and sold by all Booksellers: of whom may be had 'The British Almanac for 1829.'

In a few days will be published, in 8vo.,

A N INQUIRY WHAT IS THE ONE TRUE FAITH, and whether it is professed by all Christian Sects? With an Exposition of the whole scheme of the Christian Covenant, in Scriptural Examination of the most important of their several Doctrines.

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This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo., price 18s.

REGINALD TREVOR; or, the Welsh Loyalists, a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By EDWARD TREVOR ANWYL.

Printed for A. K. Newman and Co., London. The following have been published this winter:

FASHIONABLE MYSTERIES, by Francis Lathom, 3 vols. 18s.

EXPERIENCE. by the Author of 'Correction,' &c., 4 vols. 18s.

BANDIT CHIEF, by the Author of 'Eustace Fitz-Richard,' 2d edition, 4 vols. 17. 2s.

LEGENDS OF SCOTLAND, Third Series, 3 vols. 16s. 6d.

GILBERT EARLIE, 3d edition, 5s.

BLOUNT'S MSS., by the same Author, 2d edit. 1 vols. 10s. 6d.

KATHERINE, a Tale, 4 vols. 17. 2s.

THE CENSOR.—On Saturday the 10th, was published, No. X., price 3d. of this entirely original Work.—Containing *Noctes Censoriae Hatera*, a Tale, by Sforza, concluded—*Impromptu* on the Censor Chester Meeting—*Ode to Silence*—*Vestris and her Dress*—*Dramatic Censor*, &c. &c.

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